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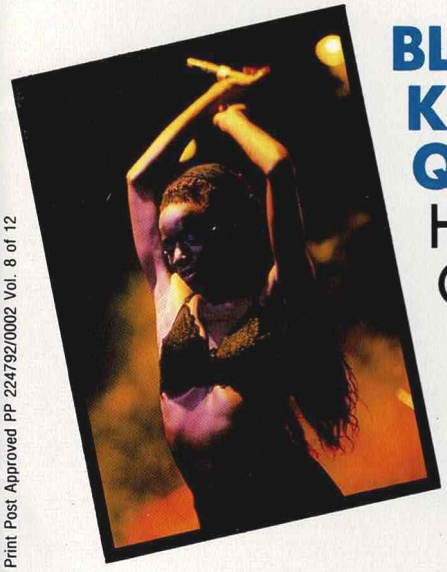

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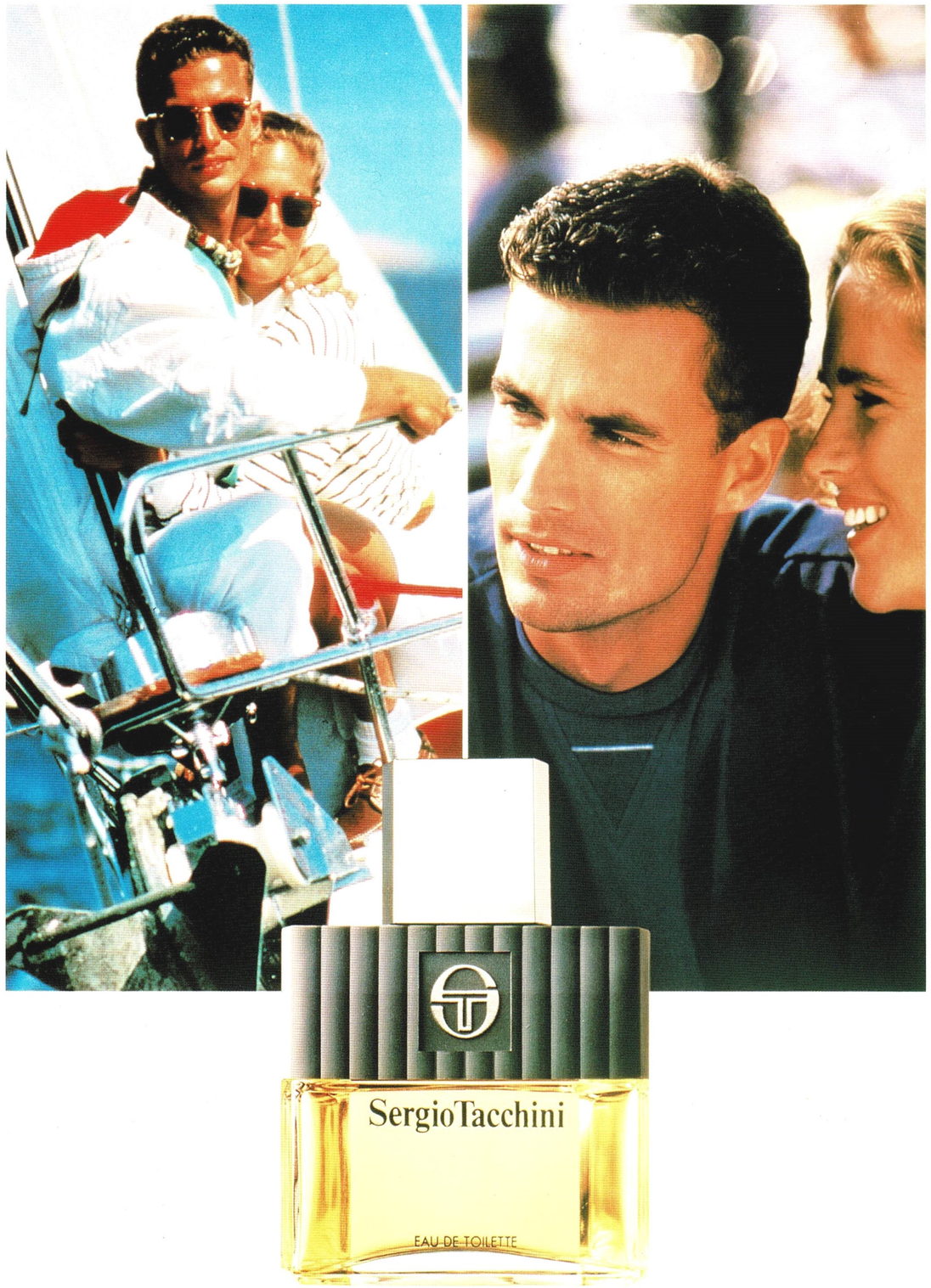


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AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

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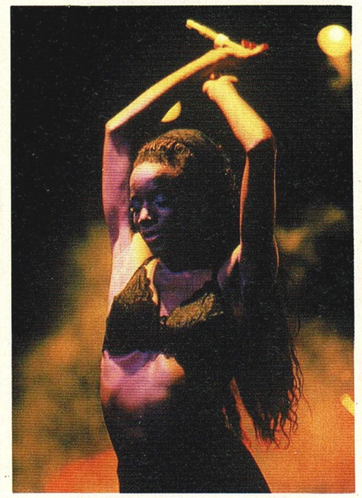
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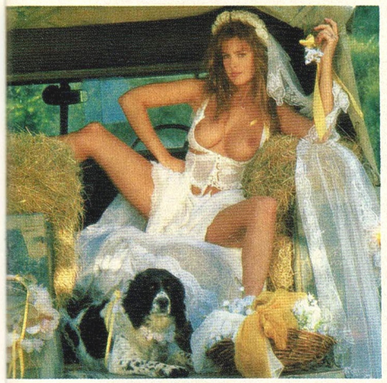
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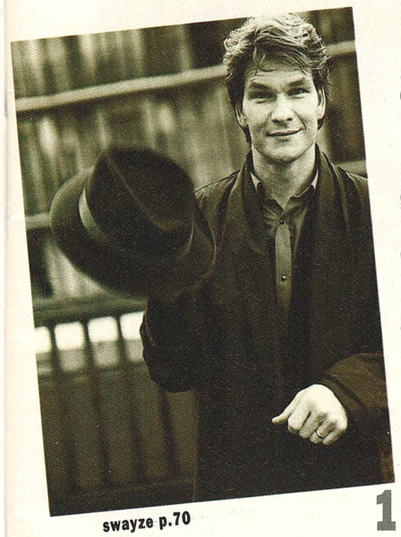
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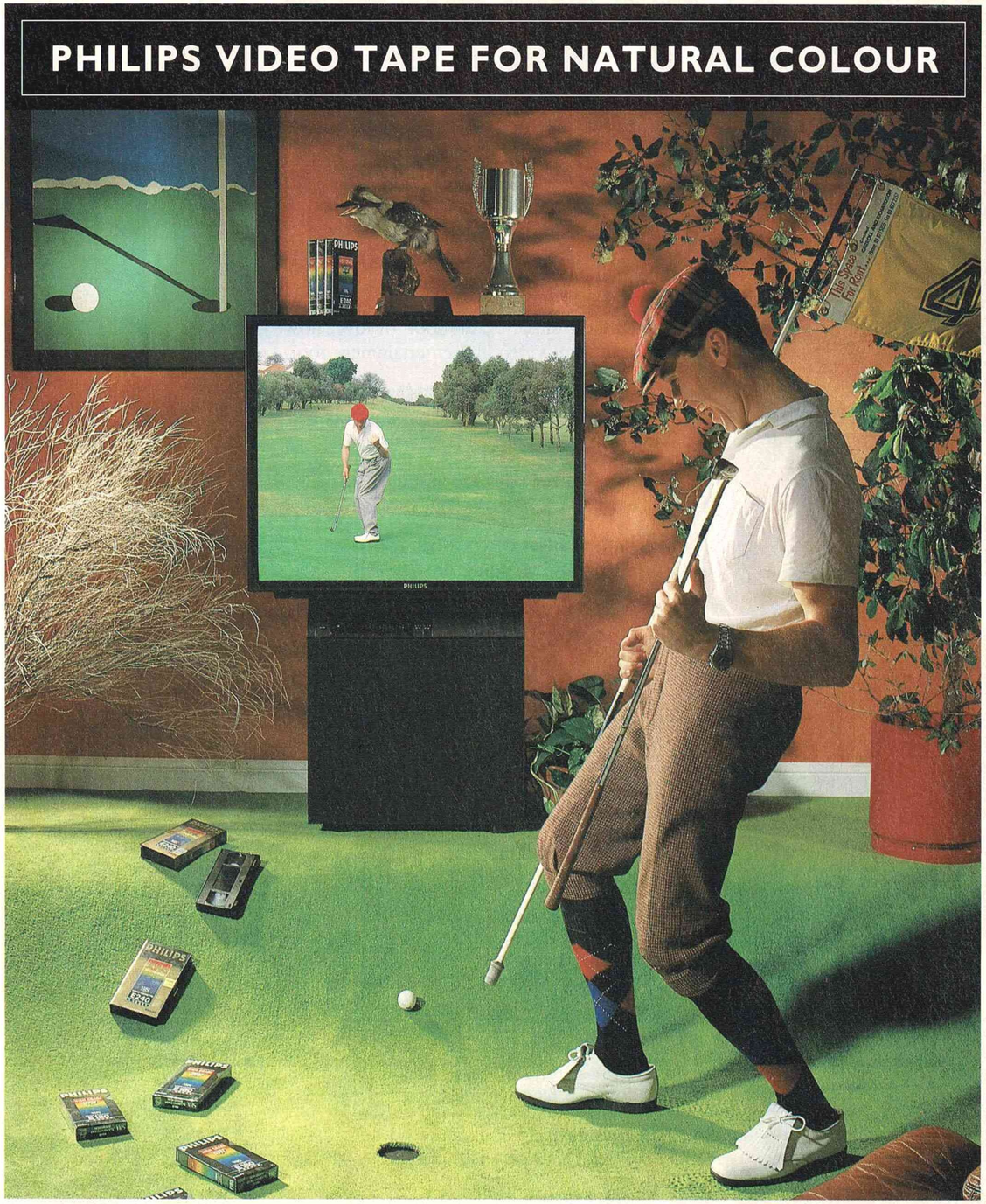


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# LETTERS

### JASE FAN

After buying your April issue for the **Jason Donovan** interview, I have to say it was the best interview with him that's ever been printed. I'm a big fan of Jason's, and it's quite a shame that we don't hear of him much in Australia.

Good work, *Playboy* — you're one magazine which cares about talented Aussies.

**Jim Stefakis,**
**Melbourne, Vic.**

### THE GIRLS OF . . .

I have now enjoyed your magazine for the past two years, especially the cartoons, articles, humour and the pictorials. Although I love seeing the famous stars nude, I would like to see more Australian girls. Here's a few ideas:

- Find the best university girls (like the US college girl pictorials) for a pictorial with information on the uni. I know the Armidale [*University of New England*] girls are keen!
- What about a girl-next-door competition? Get a few photos published each month, then we can vote and have a full pictorial of the winner.
- How about a famous Australian once a month? Get actresses, future Olympians, etc, and if they won't pose nude let them wear swimwear.

**"Boys of Earl Page",**
**Armidale, NSW.**

*Nice ideas, lads, but things aren't always as easy as they seem. We are always on the hunt for top Australian talent and we do our best. It sounds like the girls of Armidale are a fun bunch, so why not get them to contact us? — Ed.*

### CAT TAMER

Every month I grab the new copy of *Australian Playboy* to see the beautiful women you present. Every month is fantastic, but from time to time you really outdo yourselves. In the May issue you've done it again with the unbelievable **Rosangela**. You call her the "wildcat", which seems very apt. Can I please have another look at her flawless beauty?

**G.J.,**
**Brisbane, Qld.**

*Sure — Ed.*

### PETROLHEAD

Your May issue was a cracker! I was particularly pleased to see your feature on drag racing (*Kings Of Drag*), as I'm a big fan. It's a really great sport that doesn't get nearly enough publicity. Hats off to you.

**J.B.,**
**Sydney, NSW.**

*Awwwrrright!*

### WHERE'S ACCADACCA?

I am writing this letter to you regarding "The 10 Great Influences On Rock" article in your February edition. Even though many of the artists you described in the article were around either before I was born or when I was very young, I found the article to be fairly accurate. However, I feel that one band — although briefly mentioned — deserved a place in the top 10. I refer, of course, to AC/DC.

The band were formed in Sydney way back in December 1973, so they've been around for more than 18 years, an incredibly long time for a rock-'n'roll band. Of all the performers mentioned in your article, I'd say only a handful would have been around longer.

I realise longevity would not be the only thing which concerns you though. AC/DC's success has been remarkable also. By mid-1991, they had sold more than 56 million albums worldwide, probably one of the greatest amounts sold by any band in the world.

[*Due to space limitations, we've had to cut a great deal from Michael's letter. He did, however, run through an amazing amount of history on the band and their worldwide successes and influences — Ed.*]

I would very much appreciate some feedback about this letter, now that you know the facts.

**Michael Buscumb,**
**Bellevue Heights, SA.**

*Many thanks for your letter — it's the kind of feedback we love! As to why AC/DC were left out, it's more of a question as to whom to leave out in their place. The only member of our expert panel who included them was Jimmy Barnes — so unfortunately they missed out on the final listing — Ed.*

***Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that say something.***

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# SEX ADVISER

**Multiple orgasm for men, public lovemaking, avoiding herpes, the secrets of Fang Chung and just how wet is too wet.**

### SKIPPING STONES

*Sometimes, if I take the time to work myself up when masturbating, I am able to ejaculate modest amounts of semen without fully climaxing. I am not referring, of course, to the small drops of what is commonly called precome fluid. As a result, on occasion, I am able to do this once or twice before the final crash, during one masturbatory session. The feeling during the entire episode, with proper control, can be a pleasant one from just skirting the outer edges of an orgasm. Sometimes I am almost convinced that this is similar to the multiple orgasms women experience.*

*— Y.H., WA.*

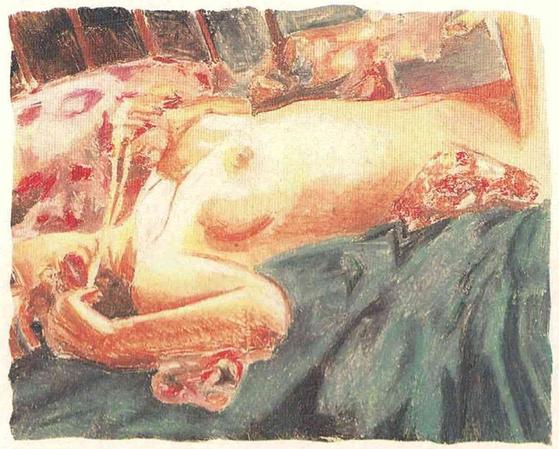
We have heard of this phenomenon. Some men can separate the emission of semen from the contractions that normally accompany orgasm. The result is something that mimics the female multiple orgasm but is different on several counts. Men who indulge in this practice all report that the final orgasm (with all the fireworks) is the best. Afterward, they lose their erection. Women who experience multiple orgasms do not reach a final orgasm, *per se*. They move from plateau to orgasm to plateau to orgasm like a stone skipping across the water. Amen.

### BUTT, BUTT . . .

*I think my girlfriend would like to have anal sex. Every time we make love, she wants me to enter her from behind, and she's always talking about how much she loves my hands' rubbing her arse. I don't want to just try it and have her think I'm some kind of pervert. How can I find out if that's what she wants?*

*— T.M., Qld.*

Ask her.



### WET AND WILLING

*Lubrication during sex has never been difficult for me. In fact, I get so wet I lose all sensation and can hardly feel my boyfriend inside of me. He won't say so, but I know sensation becomes a problem for him, too. Short of stopping to towel myself off, what can I do?*

*— C.P., NSW.*

Consider yourself a member of a very exclusive club. Most women indicate too little lubrication is one of the primary reasons they don't enjoy sex (timing is another, but that's a different beef). One easy solution is to press your partner's penis gently but firmly between your thumb and forefinger as he thrusts. The benefits are twofold: it creates more friction for him and positions your hand so that you are free to masturbate. But there's nothing wrong with interrupting the action long enough for you and your partner to keep your moisture in check. Don't limit yourself to terry towelling. Think feathers, fur, velvet and silk. There's plenty of erotic potential in the interlude, and the beauty of it is, you get to start all over again.

### CURSE OF THE KIDDIES

*How can I get more time alone with my wife? We have two children and no privacy. We always have to wait until we actually go to bed to make love, let alone just talk and spend time with each other. However, by bedtime we don't have the energy for anything but sleep.*

*— G.W., SA.*

In their book *Couple Sexual Awareness*, Barry and Emily McCarthy suggest two things: communication with your children and a lock. Don't be secretive about the need for yourself and your wife to spend time alone. Explain to your children that having time alone is just as important as the time you spend with them, and teach them to respect your needs. There will still be times when the kids will forget the meaning of a closed bedroom door, especially if they're under the age of 10. Hence, suggestion number two.

### JUST DO IT

*Both my girlfriend and I fantasise about turning each other on in public — her stroking my crotch under the dinner table or me finger-fucking her in the corner of a dark dance club. I'd love to turn our fantasies into reality. Any suggestions?*

*— D.K., Qld.*

This is the kind of stuff we love to hear about, but can never catch anybody doing. The key to making a scene like this work (erotically and legally) is discretion. Clothing is a big factor, too, and can be the most powerful stimulant in the scenario. Buy your girlfriend silk stockings held up by a seductive garter belt. There's an indescribable rush that comes from hitting the top of the silk, suddenly encountering an exposed inner thigh and wild, unencumbered pubic hair. Be prepared to cut your outing short and make sure the back seat of your car has plenty of room.

### HERPES HANDICAP

*My girlfriend got herpes from her previous boyfriend. She was very straight with me, telling me about it as soon as it became clear we were sexually attracted to each other. I haven't been too worried about it because we practise safe sex and I'd read that herpes could be passed to a partner only during an outbreak. Now I'm hearing that it can be passed even if the* ▶

# SEX ADVISER

*carrier has no symptoms. Can you set me straight?*

*— M.L., NSW.*

Common thought among medical experts has been that herpes is communicable during an outbreak and also a day or two before symptomatic itching usually occurs. A recent study suggests that partners run a slight risk of contracting the virus even when there are no symptoms present. Researchers at the University of New Mexico in America studied a group of men and women who had recurrent outbreaks, as well as their uninfected partners, for a year (only 21 of the 144 couples used condoms routinely). Participants kept a diary in which they recorded outbreaks and acts of intercourse. At the end of the year, 14 (nearly 10 per cent) of the initially healthy partners developed signs of herpes. In nine of these cases the researchers concluded infection occurred during a period when no symptoms of an outbreak were present. Only one of the condom-using couples reported infection. Another argument for condom use.

**A CRUSHING CONCERN**

*The missionary position is my favourite sexual position. I love the feeling of my husband's full weight on top of me. I feel surrounded, protected and secure. Nothing compares to the feeling of running my feet up and down the backs of his legs, wrapping my legs around his waist and entrapping him inside of my thighs. Problem is, I am never able to come in this position. Can I make some adjustments so that I don't have to shift to have an orgasm?*

*— J.J., WA.*

It probably is just a matter of shifting. Enjoy the sensation of your husband's full weight until you're fully aroused. When you feel yourself nearing orgasm, have your husband shift into a different position. If he props himself up on his elbows or fully extends his arms with his weight on his hands, his position inside of you will change. Experiment with variations of shifting and stroking until you hit on one that works for you. Then it's your husband's turn.

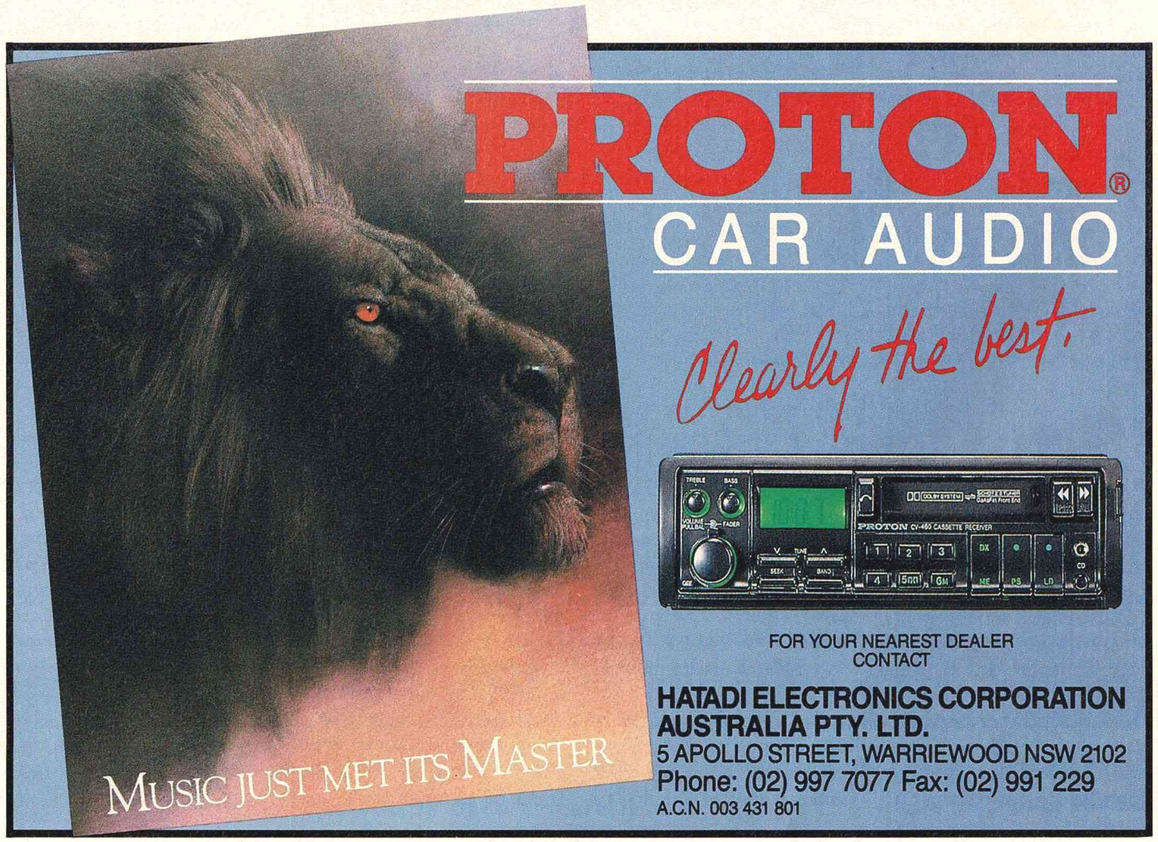
**FANG CHUNG, ANYONE?**

*I came across a book review in the local paper on a new account of the life of the Duchess of Windsor. According to the biographer, Wallis Simpson lived in China, where she "learned such exotic party tricks as lesbianism and Fang Chung, an Eastern sexual practice that purportedly can arouse even a corpse". Needless to say, since the review appeared in a family newspaper, any interesting details were omitted. What, pray tell, is Fang Chung?*

*— D.E., Qld.*

Isn't that the dish you serve with *dim sum*? No? We found the following description in Charles Higham's *The Duchess Of Windsor*: "According to witnesses of the Chinese dossier, Wallis was taught 'perverse practices' in these houses of prostitution. The practices can only mean lesbian displays and the art of Fang Chung. This skill, practised for centuries, involved relaxation of the male partner through a prolonged and carefully modulated massage of the nipples, stomach, thighs and, after a deliberately protracted delay, the genitals. The exponent of Fang Chung was taught the nerve centres of the body so that the brushing movement of the fingers had the effect of arousing even the most moribund of men. Fang Chung was especially helpful in cases of premature ejaculation."

***Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Sex Adviser c/- Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We welcome enquiries but are unable to reply to each reader individually.***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# MUSIC

**Spinal Tap reveal that they're "deadly fucking serious", Nia Peeples dances, sings and acts, and Paul Kelly goes solo.**

*by Stuart Hitchings*

## PEEPLES GETS READY

In recent years dance/pop has come to dominate the charts in a fashion unprecedented since the heyday of disco, but unlike disco, this time there's little evidence of the style's losing its impetus.

A good example of the more commercial end of the dance spectrum can be found on the **Nia Peeples** self-titled album (Charisma/Virgin). Here we find sweet ballads and up-tempo stompers, drum machines with rock guitars, synthesisers with summery California harmonies. There are echoes of **Paula Abdul**, **Janet Jackson**, **Jody Watley** and even **Belinda Carlisle**.

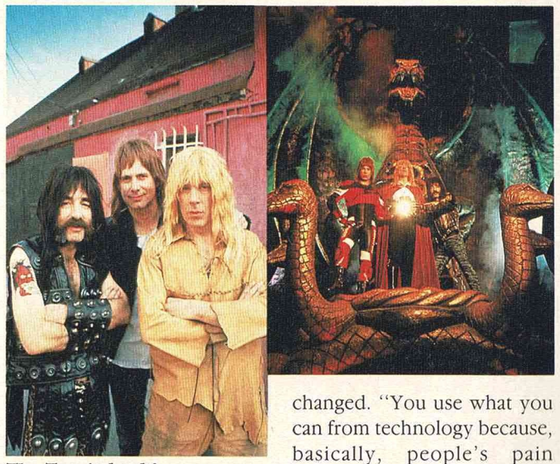
Actually, Peeples already has a head start in the race to superstardom, having starred in three seasons of the TV series *Fame*, made three feature films and done a stint as a presenter on MTV in America — she not only sings well but is an excellent dancer and a promising actor.

"It's difficult to believe that you can both sing and act without one being at the expense of the other," she told *Playboy*. "There's a real danger that if you try and do too much you can end up being good at two things but outstanding at neither, so in that respect doing two or three things at once can be detrimental and that's why I decided to let everything else go while I made this record. Mostly I made this album because I wasn't being fulfilled in anything I did — I wasn't really stretching myself. I wanted to take a step out into the unknown, tackle something where I wasn't sure beforehand whether or not I'd succeed, like writing songs.

"Music has always been what I wanted to do most. The problem with acting is that you're always working with someone else's dialogue and there are so many factors that you have no say in, whereas with music you have more control over the whole thing and that gives it the power to be much more personal."

*Peeples: A star on the rise?*

Following the debacle known as *This Is Spinal Tap*, the 1983 "rock-umentary" that chronicled the veteran band **Spinal Tap**'s disastrous American tour, the band's core members — **Nigel Tufnel**, **David St Hubbins** and **Derek Smalls** — decided to call it a day. But now, as you'll all know, Tap is back with a new album, *Break Like The Wind* (their best yet, released through MCA Records), and a touring schedule which may well include Australia in the very near future. But, as bass player Derek Smalls told *Playboy*, one thing Tap will never do again is allow a film-maker anywhere near the band.



*The Tap is back!*

"We've learned our lesson," he says. "When you put a camera in someone else's hands it's like handing them a rusty cutthroat razor and saying, 'How about a shave?' "

Despite the long lay-off, Smalls claims that the band's approach remains the same — only the technology has changed. "You use what you can from technology because, basically, people's pain thresholds keep rising, and rock'n'roll is all about pain," asserts Smalls.

Smalls is also keen to set the record straight in *Playboy* about the rumours, suggested in more scurrilous publications, that Spinal Tap aren't a real band, that they're some sort of parody. "It's because after the movie we were a bloody joke to everyone," he groans. "My only response to the doubters is to tell them to come along and see us play, get up on the stage with us and check that the strings are really vibrating and that Nigel's incredible sustain is for real. Get your ear next to the speaker and then ask yourself if you've got any hearing left. I mean, how much of a joke is that? Believe me, total deafness is no joke, and what we do is deadly serious. *Deadly fucking serious.*"

Providing there's a promoter left in the country who hasn't seen *This Is Spinal Tap* you should be able to do all this and more when the band hits these shores sometime in the coming months. Then we've just got to hope they'll be able to find the stage.

## DISC HIT LIST

**Del Tha Funkee Homosapien** *I Wish My Brother George Was Here* (Elektra) Simply the most funky, innovative and appealing rap album so far this year. *****

**Matthew Sweet** *Girlfriend* (Zoo/BMG) Occasionally world-weary but never cynical, this is sophisticated, bittersweet guitar pop at its best. ****

**Snap** *The Madman's Return* (Logic/BMG) While *The Power* etc were fresh and vital two years ago, Snap are already sounding tired and dated. **

**k.d. lang** *Ingenue* (Sire/Warner) Another great album from the finest female voice in country music. ****

**Angelique Kidjo** *Logozo* (Mango/PolyGram) The latest superstar of World Music mixes African beats with Europop to excellent effect. ****

## *R.I.P. THE MESSENGERS*

*It's the end of an era. **Paul Kelly**, Australia's premier songwriter, and his band **The Messengers** (formerly the **Coloured Girls**) have reached the parting of the ways as Kelly goes solo and heads off to live in America for a while. And to mark the occasion they've released Hidden Things (Mushroom), a collection of out-takes, B-sides, cover versions and live tracks recorded between 1986 and 1991. Many of the songs are previously unreleased or difficult to find, which makes this perfect for the hard-core Kelly/Messengers fan looking to round off their collection, though it also stands up as a strong album in its own right. Let's hope we continue to hear a lot more from all these guys, but especially Kelly.*



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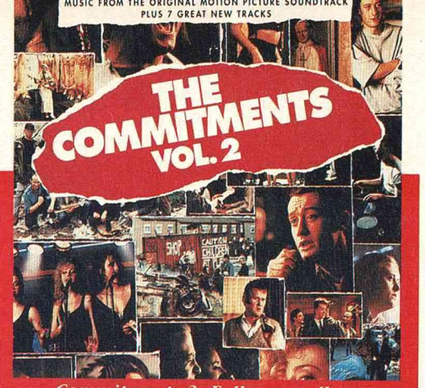
# SHOWBIZ

**Meet the super-spic who went from Miami Vice to Mambo Mouth, and the wasp who scored both Prince Of Tides *and* Streisand.**

***Compiled by Graham Barry***

## NEWSBREAKS

**Natalie Cole** taped a concert for the US TV series *Great Performances* . . . **Fine Young Cannibals** are in the studio working on an LP for release late this year . . . **George Michael**'s new album won't be *Listen Without Prejudice, Volume II* after all (look for that in 1993). Instead, he's about to release a dance disc called *Extended Play Thing*, containing seven original studio cuts and two live covers . . . **Pete Townshend** has agreed, for the first time, to help a theatrical company stage *Tommy*. It was scheduled for a July run at the La Jolla Playhouse in California. **The Who** does not expect to perform *Tommy* in concert any more, which is the main reason Townshend is interested in adapting it for the stage . . . **Don Everly**'s son **Edan** has a band by the same name, and his debut LP will include member **Frankie Avalon Jr** on drums. Guest artists **Avalon senior**, uncle **Phil Everly** and Dad will be featured on the cut *Sometimes* . . . Some record-company execs are predicting that these bad economic times will reduce the number of new bands getting contracts. Hardest hit? Rock'n'roll groups. Country music is meeting with more success . . . In spite of lots of whining from the record companies, which won't make as much money this way, another major trend to look for this year is the used-CD shop. It's a cheaper way to get the sounds . . . The new **Commitments** LP is one of the rare examples of a soundtrack having a sequel even when the movie hasn't . . . Lest you forget: June 1992 marked the 25th anniversary of *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* . . . Don't expect to see the **Queen** boxed set before the end of the year . . .




***Commitments 2*: Follow-up album but no movie**

**Heart's Ann** and **Nancy Wilson** are wondering why MTV rejected the band's video for *You're The Voice*. They're calling it political censorship because the video features anti-war and pro-choice demonstrators. Are they right? . . . The **Dead**'s latest LP, *Infrared Roses*, is only available through the band's mail-order label (800-225-3323) and is billed as a live improv. Sound-crew member **Bob Bralove** has taken portions of the concerts free-form improvisations to create the album . . . Fender has created an official **Stevie Ray Vaughan** guitar that you, too, can own . . . Concerts still yield the smallest revenues of any pay-per-view telecasts. Producers are trying to figure out answers to two problems: how to make them more exciting and how to get them to more potential subscribers . . . Finally, **Guns n' Roses** have given up trying to start their concerts on time. Tickets now say, "around 8pm". Isn't it amazing what the fans will put up with?

— BARBARA NELLIS

One of the hottest composers of music for movies is **James Newton Howard**, 40, who scored such recent hits as *Grand Canyon* and *The Prince Of Tides* and did the same for the upcoming all-star *Glengarry Glen Ross*. As keyboardist, producer or arranger, Howard has worked with big-time performers from **Streisand** to **Cher**. Clearly a glamorous music man in the **Burt Bacharach** mould, he was briefly married some years ago to **Rosanna Arquette** ("We're still good friends") and admits to close harmonising with Streisand. "It's true, we had a short-lived relationship." At the time of writing he was about to be married. Her name is Sofie. She works for a record company.

In Howard's view, movie music "tells you what's between the lines . . . you lead the audience. But musical scores have become much less literal, not the sweeping violins they used to use for romantic scenes or the heavy da-da-dum when somebody stumbles over a dead body."

Howard, who has some 33 film and TV scores to his credit, feels he was born to write movie music. "I'm a melody man," he explains. "I try to find an attitude, some particular mood or feeling that fits what's happening on screen." His other passion? "Skiing. But I'm just a beginner, maybe intermediate." Musically, he's shredding moguls.

***Barbra: A "short-lived" relationship***

***Rosanna: Still good friends***

## *BRINGING UP BABY DEPARTMENT*

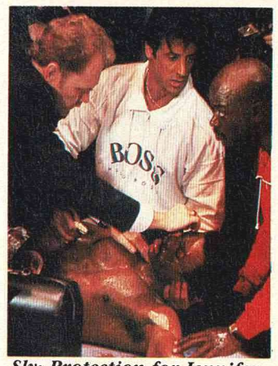
***Eddie Van Halen's instrumental* 316 *was written for son Wolfie before he was born. Says Eddie, "When Valerie was pregnant, he was totally nailing her bladder. I'd take an acoustic guitar, lay it on her belly, play the song and it would chill him out." Eddie says Wolfie is still a big fan. Sounds like useful info for Dr Spock.***

## REELING AND ROCKING

**Maxi Priest**, **Branford Marsalis** and actor **Alan** (*New Jack City*) **Payne** will be featured in *Rhythm*, a movie about London's underground-club music scene.

**MEANWHILE, DOWN AT THE STUD . . .**

After a recent benefit, **Sylvester Stallone** asked one of his bodyguards to escort **Jennifer O'Neill** back to her horse ranch. While there, the actress showed her escort one of her sleeping sons before he left. The next day, a bouquet of roses arrived with the note, "I promise to be a good father." O'Neill, figuring this was an expression of an unwanted advance, complained to Stallone, who then berated his security man. Turns out the flowers had actually come from a man who'd bought a filly from the hypersuspicious, oft-divorced, underemployed actress.



***Sly: Protection for Jennifer***



## HOMEBOY

*Actor and monologist **John Leguizamo**'s one-man show Mambo Mouth introduced New Yorkers and, later, American cable and video audiences to a collection of wildly entertaining but disturbed Hispanic street characters recalled from his youth in New York City's borough of Queens. For his performance in Hangin' With The Homeboys, Leguizamo was described by one critic as a "Latino version of Brando".*

*Born in Bogota, Colombia, Leguizamo moved to New York at the age of five. He admits to hanging out with tough kids, but claims that he was actually the goofy type. His teachers insisted on counselling and encouraged drama studies. He took the advice and got booked on the stage, studying with **Lee Strasberg**, among others, and at New York University. His performance in a prize-winning student film attracted the attention of the casting director of Miami Vice. Movie roles followed and Mambo Mouth premiered at the end of 1990. He recently finished filming a thriller with **Annabella Sciorra** and **Alan Alda**, and his second one-man show, Spic-O-Rama, debuted in Chicago earlier this year.*

*Leguizamo's one-man shows are hardly examples of an actor mouthing off; he's a stickler for careful writing and rewriting. Contributing editor Warren Kalbacker met with him during rehearsals for Spic-O-Rama. Kalbacker recalls, "He had just finished a script review with an English tutor. One of his characters, Rafael Gigante, firmly believes that he's the love child of **Laurence Olivier** and has the diction, at least, to prove it. Leguizamo wanted to make sure that he'd rendered Rafael's part in perfect British English."*

**PLAYBOY:** How come your name is John, not Juan?

**LEGUIZAMO:** My mom named me after her favourite movie actor, **John Saxon**. She thought he was a handsome man. He had black hair and dark features. I was very hurt when she told me. John Saxon? I've seen his movies. Couldn't you have made up a better story, Ma? Like **John Kennedy**?

**PLAYBOY:** You've studied drama for years. What are the benefits of rigorous thespian training?

**LEGUIZAMO:** I was in Lee Strasberg's class when he got ill and had to leave. He died the next morning. Wow, I thought, was my acting that bad? Studying with Strasberg was the most exciting training I had. I understood the Method. You live it. You become it. You experience the moment instead of being some clever actor who thinks and plans everything and knows how to show himself off.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you recommend the Method to **Sean Penn** and **Michael J. Fox** while filming *Casualties Of War* in the Thai jungle?

**LEGUIZAMO:** They already have their systems worked out. Michael J. Fox is the friendliest, most pleasant person I ever worked with. Maybe because he's short, I don't know. The Thai people can't pronounce "x", so they called him Michael J. Fuck. It was a joke to all of us.

Sean Penn's a different story. At that time, he was my idol. He was the young actor who was most daring and provocative. The rest were brat-pack pussy actors who were really cream-puff white bread. Not that the movie destroyed my admiration for him, but if you meet somebody you admire and you see how many flaws they have, then they're not so admirable any more. He kept in character and made me do push-ups every time I said something wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the phone calls from agents and casting directors come in after your appearance in *Casualties Of War*?

**LEGUIZAMO:** People said it was going to be my big break. I got good reviews, but it didn't do much for my career. I played a terrorist in *Die Hard 2*. My part was so small there could be a trivia question: How many times did Leguizamo flash across the screen in *Die Hard 2*? It's seven times. It's hard to say whether I'm on the verge of a break. I really do believe that things would be different if I were a white guy or a black guy. The roles offered to me are always drug dealers, gang members, thieves, crooks, all this underbelly stuff. I'm not a Latin person who's trying to pass. I don't expect to be playing a WASP executive. But I should be able to play any character who has some of my mannerisms and gestures but who isn't really Hispanic or white or anything. Why can't a Latin person be Peter Pan? Or be in *Star Trek*? Why couldn't a Latin person be the character in a Tom Hanks movie? There are so many roles. There are so many of us. I have to create my own opportunities. The only way is for me to write my own stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** Couldn't you use your Method training to pass if you wanted to?

***Thai star Michael J. Fuck!***

**LEGUIZAMO:** I want to play **Robert Redford**'s son. That's my goal. I'm going to bleach my hair blond, get really pale make-up and put in blue contact lenses. Then I'll sit around and stare at myself in the mirror: I am white. I am white bread. I enjoy mayonnaise and bland foods. Nothing upsets me. I'll put on light FM and mellow out and read a Hemingway novel. I'll be ready in the Method kind of way.

**PLAYBOY:** You made several appearances — as drug kingpin Calderon's son — on *Miami Vice*. What do you think of that show's depiction of Hispanics?

**LEGUIZAMO:** *Miami Vice* gave so much work to Latin actors. And every Latin actor wanted to be on it because it was exciting. It was filling our pockets and destroying us at the same time. It perpetuated so many negative stereotypes. Unbelievable. Every Latin man was a drug dealer. Every woman was a prostitute and junkie. But it's better to be seen than not to be seen. I'd rather be a gangster than a nobody.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your characters enjoys making love to "mountains of mocha". Could that be a clue to one Leguizamo kink?

**LEGUIZAMO:** My fantasy is **Roseanne Barr Arnold**. If I could make love to her my life would be complete. Chubby women. Carolyn was chubby when I first met her, but she's skinny now. I didn't put her on a regimen. I'm real active and I didn't have much money and we didn't eat, so it made her lose weight. She is tall. When we kiss, she bends over a little, I lean up a little and it's okay. I dip her as often as I can. When we dance Spanish or when we're goofing around and I kiss her, I dip her. And in bed it makes no difference whatsoever. I'm right there at the important parts. I'm closer to the important parts than a regular guy.

Plain and rivers in the Álftaver, Iceland – May 24, 1989 at 9.30 pm

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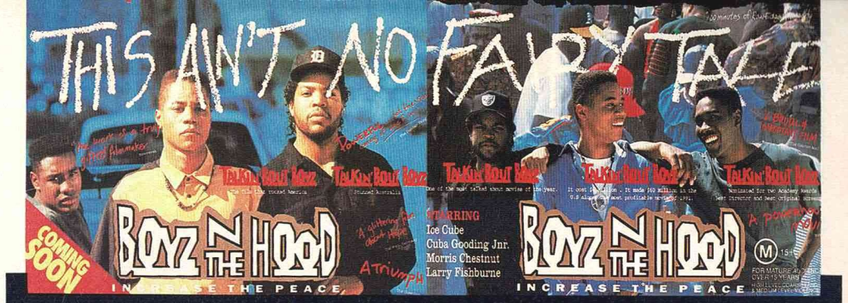
# VIDEO

**As LA burns, Boyz N The Hood takes on ever more significance, while Hot Shots just takes pot shots at Top Gun.**

*by Graham Barry*




Recent events in LA, with rioting as an almost automatic (and quite understandable) reaction to the acquittal of four white police officers, despite a videotape clearly showing them beating a black motorist insensible, make *Boyz N The Hood* even more essential viewing on video than it was in the cinemas. Those police helicopters buzzing over the black areas of the city are noticeable in many films these days, even such moderate efforts as *Grand Canyon*, but in film with an agonised political message like *Boyz N The Hood* they are a terrifying symbol of what urban life has become for blacks whose ghettoes are seemingly very different from the poverty-stricken, drug-ridden streets of Harlem.

Yet the fact is that *Boyz N The Hood* doesn't set out to be any kind of exploitation movie. Twenty-three-year-old first-time black director **John Singleton** received an Oscar nomination for his movie, and deservedly so, but what he has tried to express is simply a heartfelt regret for the destruction of middle-class black life in quite ordinary city suburbs. Their concerns don't seem to be all that different from their white counterparts, but Singleton sees the existence of a liquor store and a gun shop together on every shopping block as part of a white conspiracy to undermine black communities.

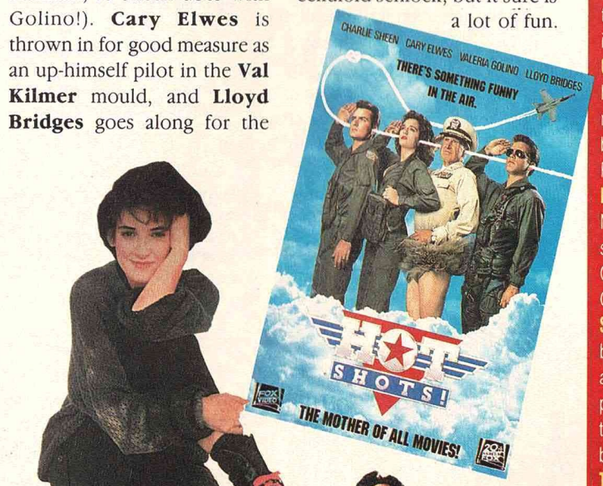
Such is the view expressed by the radical father of one of the three "boyz" the film concentrates on. As played by **Larry Fishburne**, a great black actor who's come a long way since his role as the young conscript in **Coppola**'s *Apocalypse Now*, he's a real estate agent who takes every opportunity to exhort his customers to beware white exploitation. His other theme is that single-parent black families, mainly cared for by the mother, are intrinsically weak because of the need for a father figure. Fishburne, for his own part, is the father of the quietest, most thoughtful of the three boys, **Cuba Gooding**, having taken him on in order to give his estranged wife the opportunity to forge a career for herself.

The other two boys, brothers, one of whom is the vitriolic rapper **Ice Cube**, fare less well because their mother has difficulty controlling them. One boy has the chance of a university career because of his football prowess, but is already the father of a young child. Ice Cube is marked out from youth for a life of violence.

Singleton's deeply felt tale is a sad one, but not wholly pessimistic. The deepest plea is for the sanctity and security of black family life, which is so threatened by the general trauma of modern America. But there's no doubt about where he sheets home the blame.

As a bit of light relief, you don't need to go much further than *Hot Shots*, the latest epic from director **Jim Abrahams**, who, together with **David** and **Jerry Zucker**, made up the trio of loonies responsible for *Flying Highs 1* and *2*, and *The Naked Guns 1* and *2½*. The three of them also did the straight (and brilliant) comedy *Ruthless People* with **Bette Midler**, which probably accounts for Abrahams' having also directed the hilarious *Big Business* with Midler and **Lily Tomlin**. But whereas Jerry Zucker chose for his solo effort *Ghost*, with runaway success, it's clear from *Hot Shots* that Abrahams doesn't wish to stray too far from the lunatic fringe where they began. (His other effort, *Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael*, starring **Winona Ryder**, a strange piece of whimsy, is also just out on video right now.)

*Hot Shots* does to the *Top Gun*-type of fly-boy movie what *Flying High* did to *Airport*. **Charlie Sheen** plays the sort of mindless hunk which **Tom Cruise** portrayed so effortlessly in *Top Gun*, and there's even a gorgeous female scientist, **Valeria Golino**, to play the **Kelly McGillis** part (though McGillis didn't get quite so hot during sex that you could fry an egg on her stomach, as Sheen does with Golino!). **Cary Elwes** is thrown in for good measure as an up-himself pilot in the **Val Kilmer** mould, and **Lloyd Bridges** goes along for the ride as an accident-prone admiral. The only intellectual stimulation comes from the micky-take on recognisable celluloid schlock, but it sure is a lot of fun.






◀ *Winona: Whimsical in Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael.*

## VIDEO HIT-LIST

**The Addams Family** Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia and Christopher Lloyd update the old telly classic about the family of intermittently hilarious ghouls.**

**Careful He Might Hear You** An honest-to-god Aussie classic now unavailable as a movie after being sold down the river to Panama. Don't miss. ****

**Drop Dead Fred** Lovers of Rick Mayall may find the antics of severely disturbed Phoebe Cates's "imaginary friend" funny. Others may just be disturbed. **

**Speaking Parts** Brilliant little low-budget oddity in which a bit-part actor exploits his position as part-time male hooker in a hotel to further his career. Ignore slow beginning. ***

**Trust** A cult hit by Hal (*The Unbelievable Truth*) Hartley has Martin Donovan and Adrienne Shelley as two misfits learning to survive together. Weirdly witty. ***

**Welcome Home,Roxy Carmichael** Winona Ryder dreams the town tramp Roxy, about to return in triumph. is her mum. **

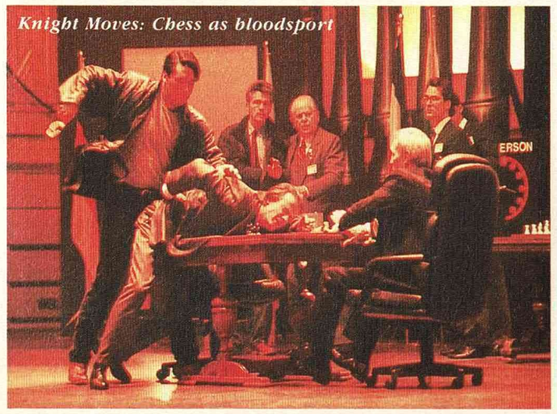
**Only You should have stayed a pop song and The Inner Circle made a better train service, but Knight Moves makes chess a real thriller.**

*by Graham Barry*

Who is responsible for movie titles, anyway? As we all know, they often undergo a sea change between continents, but at the time of writing, the powers that be don't seem to have made up their minds whether to call **Christopher Lambert**'s new movie *Knight Moves* or *Face To Face* — or a combination of both. One can only marvel at the lack of imagination which would choose the latter.

It is, after all, about a grandmaster of chess who is suspected of a grisly batch of serial killings which happen to begin with a girl he's just made love with. Her body's been drained of blood and semen and fingerprints — professional job this — so when he is found out in a convenient lie he's clearly in the firing line. However, without hard evidence the police, led by **Tom Skerritt**, are forced to take on face value the idea that the killer is locked in a battle of wits with Sanderson (Lambert) somewhat akin to a chess game. And since they believe that he may be using an accomplice to fool them, they set a psychiatrist, Kathy Sheppard (**Diane Lane**, Lambert's real-life wife), to try to penetrate his defences.

There's no denying that *Knight Moves* occasionally goes right over the top, not just in the lurid killings and the electrical storm at the climax, but even in the heavy exploitation of chess paraphernalia under the opening credits, when you think you're looking at a board which turns out to be a backdrop for a tournament. Chess does, however, lend itself to dramatic images, and is inherently aggressive, even though it's not physically violent — in the end the game and the serial killings complement each other to provide a real edge-of-the-seat thriller. I for one was quite unprepared for the twist at the end. Swiss-born director **Carl Schenkel** is not a name that's been heard much in Australia till now, but this one should put him on the map.

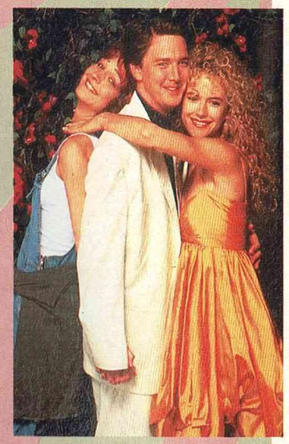

*Knight Moves: Chess as bloodsport*

## TWO FOR THE TRASHCAN

Whatever debatable charm **Andrew McCarthy** may have had as a youth (and surely turkeys like *St Elmo's Fire* and *Pretty In Pink* are best forgotten), it can be seen to have gone the way of all flesh in *Only You*, a formula film chiefly memorable for his pronounced jowl. But whatever McCarthy's limited talents, they don't lie in the area of comedy, certainly not to the extent of lifting a tepid vehicle like this. McCarthy plays a jilted doll's house furniture designer — this is supposed to be inherently side-splitting — who takes another jiltee to an expensive resort with him on the tickets he would otherwise have had to relinquish. Of course the girl, **Kelly Preston**, a stunning beauty he discovers drunk in a bar, turns out to be an outrageous flirt and McCarthy proves to be just the right person to take for a ride, until he inevitably perceives the superior charms of the faithful photographer (**Helen Hunt**) who's put up with him while Kelly fooled around.

It's not much of a plot anyway, but the most improbable part is that Hunt would have thought someone like our doll's furniture designer worth the effort, since his IQ figures seem to equate to his blood temperature the way McCarthy plays him. At least for Preston there's the lure of his cash. An inauspicious debut for female director **Betty Thomas**, the no-nonsense cop from *Hill Street Blues*.

Equally uninspired for different reasons, but also principally for its male lead, is *The Inner Circle*, starring **Tom Hulce**, who at least has some good roles like *Amadeus* and *Dominic And Eugene* behind him.


*Only You: Hunt, McCarthy and Preston*

Unfortunately, all the irritating mannerisms he exploited in those parts serve only to detract from his role as Ivan, a simple Russian cinema projectionist who finds himself showing films to Stalin and his inner circle during World War Two. In order to please his masters Ivan willingly sacrifices neighbours, wife and dignity to the cause, at one point being forced to turn a blind eye when wife **Lolita** (*Blaze*) **Davidovich** is commandeered by one of Stalin's henchmen (**Bob Hoskins** in a particularly evil role). It's all pretty depressing and pointless in this post-Cold War world, and is certainly not helped by Hulce's spaniel-like spinelessness. Expatriate Russian **Andrei Konchalovsky** managed much better with American themes like *Runaway Train* and *Homer & Eddie*.

## MOVIE SCORECARD

**City Of Joy** Patrick Swayze tries hard as an unlikely surgeon finding redemption in the Calcutta slums in another self-important epic from Roland (*The Mission*) Joffe. **

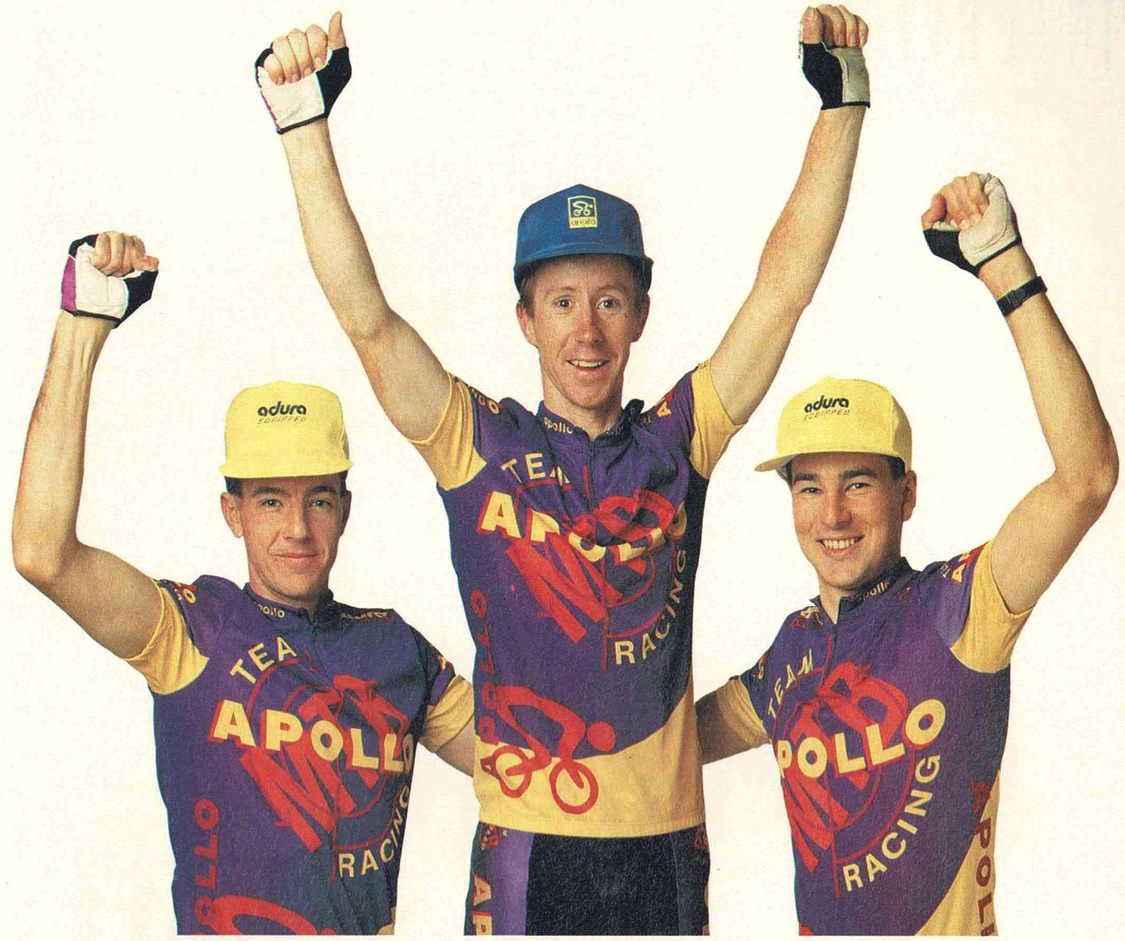
**Romuald And Juliette** Delightful fairytale about an industrialist saved from disaster by the cleaning lady, a large black mother of five who gives him refuge and the best advice. ****

**Sleepwalkers** Stephen King's flights of fancy become ever more strained with this silly tale of an incestuous mother-and-son team of cat people who live off virgin blood. **

**The Red Shoes** Revival of 1948 British classic reckoned to be the best ballet film ever, by every movie buff's favourite director Michael Powell. In many critics' top 10. ****

**Zentropa** Europe, 1945, and a young German American takes a job with the railway. Why? To help post-war reconstruction! Annoyingly surreal tosh. *

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INTERVIEW

# steve moneghetti

***A candid conversation with Australia's marathon man about life in the shadow of Deek, his chances for Olympic glory, and what it's like to run 42km.***

*At first glance, you'd never realise that Steve Moneghetti is one of the world's top athletes. He's too, well, normal!*

*Living in Ballarat in country Victoria, Moneghetti is employed by the Ministry of Education and somehow manages to live a regular life with wife Tanya, as well as complete his rigorous training program around work commitments.*

*His event, the marathon, certainly has its drawbacks. It's a rather gruesome wrestle with both a rapidly diminishing energy source and the high expectations of the public and the media.*

*Originally, Moneghetti was a cross-country runner who achieved some excellent results. Incredibly, the first event he competed in over 15 kilometres was the marathon in the 1978 Edinburgh Commonwealth Games. But this auspicious start didn't propel him straight into the spotlight.* ***Robert de Castella*** *was at his peak during Mona's early years and there wasn't really room for two at the top. However, his win in the 1991 Berlin Marathon — in the fastest time of the year — made him a big name in international athletics and vaulted him past Deek as Australia's premier marathon man.*

*And so now Moneghetti is heading for the Olympics and the race which he sees as the pinnacle for marathon runners. It won't be an easy race for him though. Regardless of the heat, the degree of difficulty or the inevitable thought of pure exhaustion and pain, Moneghetti will run with the weight of a nation on his shoulders.*

*Win or lose, Moneghetti will remain the down-to-earth person he's always been, and with his degree in civil engineering and graduate diploma in education, there's no problem with life after marathons.*

***Tim Blank*** *caught up with Moneghetti prior to his departure to find out a little more about the man who'll have the eyes of Australia upon him on August 9.*

**PLAYBOY:** You say that you religiously run in excess of 200km every week without fail, yet you're the envy of other ambitious intellects with a degree in civil engineering *and* a graduate diploma in education, where you majored in mathematics and science. Why not sit back in a plush job with a BMW at your disposal and a more than satisfying salary to support a family? Why torture yourself instead?

**MONEGHETTI:** Well, firstly, I didn't like engineering very much and that's why I went back to do the Dip Ed. Secondly, I think that running was always something that I was fascinated with when I was younger, the challenge of it. If anyone grows up in Australia without an incentive of going to the Olympic Games, then they've missed something or their education hasn't been right. I think everyone should have that purpose in mind. Without setting goals like that as a youngster, you're never really going to realise anything.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were growing up, did you ever think that so much of your life would be absorbed by running?

**MONEGHETTI:** If I thought my career would lie in running, I would never have done all of those engineering degrees and stayed at school!

**PLAYBOY:** You are arguably at a stage in your career when you could gather all of your resources and energy, and concentrate solely on winning gold at Barcelona, yet you refrain from that to maintain your position with the Ministry of Education in Ballarat. Why?

**MONEGHETTI:** My coach and I have a philosophy that if running becomes your ▶

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job, it tends to put a lot of pressure on you. I can't imagine myself being forced to run a money marathon because I think it's my job and I've got to pay the bills through it. So we're keen for me to continue to work.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you realistically set lofty Olympic goals for yourself if you are tied up with other commitments and devoting time to another cause?

**MONEGHETTI:** I work part-time in Ballarat, which gives me good flexibility. I think 200km a week is quite adequate anyway. [*Smiles*]

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a true indication of your training program — 200km per week? Don't you get sick and tired of those early morning starts?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yeah, it's not as though you'd get up by choice a lot of mornings. Don't get me wrong though, I still enjoy training, otherwise I wouldn't do it. And yes, give or take five kays, that's about true. I do 14 sessions every week to build up my endurance, stamina and speed.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever actually run a full marathon in training?

**MONEGHETTI:** No. The longest run I do in training is on a Sunday morning when I run about 35km or two and a half hours — but not at race pace. Basically, I try to combine the running work with different routines. One day I do a light weights session, another day I do a "Fartlek" session [*a mixture of sprinting and jogging*], another day I do eight 400m runs on the track in around 64 seconds, and then I do some hill work. I try to vary it to make it more interesting.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously there are so many variables involved in marathon running excluding one's own personal training. How difficult is it to actually win a world-class marathon?

**MONEGHETTI:** It's extremely difficult for those specific reasons, but also your own mental state must be spot on. I don't think people realise that the marathons that I have competed in have been of such a high quality that I have never really felt that I have been the best runner in the field. Berlin was different in that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the Berlin race the turning point for Steve Moneghetti?

**MONEGHETTI:** I think it probably was mentally. I thought that I had a good chance of winning when I left Australia for that particular race, but I ran the Great North Run in England just prior and thought I was in pretty sensational shape after that. For the first time in my life I thought I was the best runner in the field and I knew it was the time to win.

**PLAYBOY:** The 1991 Berlin marathon was staged at what has proved to be an incredibly significant historical time, when the two Germanys tore down seemingly impregnable barriers between them and amalgamated to become one nation. Was your preparation for that particular marathon affected?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yes, it certainly was an incredible feeling. Three days prior to the event the reunification of Germany occurred, which created some of the most emotional scenes I have ever witnessed. There's no doubt it was an emotional time in the city and I suppose the world media focus was on Berlin. Not only did the local and European press swamp the city, but the significance became universal, which meant the marathon was more exposed. It was unbelievable. As to how it affected my preparation, well, I suppose I tried to take advantage of the situation in a way. We left the Great North Run in England straight afterwards to get a feel for the atmosphere and emotion of Berlin. The whole of Germany became overjoyed and we hoped the feeling would rub off on me.

**PLAYBOY:** I suppose the question most people want answered is a rather ugly one for you. What went wrong in Tokyo at the recent World Championships?

**MONEGHETTI:** There's not really a lot to say.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously you're disappointed at the 11th placing. Is there an explanation to why you didn't run as well as expected?

**MONEGHETTI:** No, not really. Obviously my coach and I have looked at everything very closely so as to avoid the situation in the future, but we haven't really been able to pinpoint anything directly responsible. We probably think it was an accumulation of five or six different things.

**PLAYBOY:** What things and how can you make sure they don't occur again, especially with an Olympic meet just around the corner?

**MONEGHETTI:** Oh, we will probably try acclimatising for a longer period next time, although we were in Tokyo 16 days prior to the event, which should have been ample, and I probably underestimated the conditions, which will definitely not happen again. The other factor we think may have contributed to the performance was my preparation in the days leading up to the marathon.

Next time around, I will not make these mistakes, especially in the heat.

**PLAYBOY:** Those conditions you were talking about, although fairly extreme for marathon running, will be quite similar to what you encounter in Barcelona, won't they?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yes, the conditions will be similar. Maybe not quite so harsh because the race is held at 6.30 in the evening. It was 26 degrees and 78 per cent humidity for the World Championships, which made things very tough.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it fair to say that Steve Moneghetti came from oblivion to become a household name, without the normal build-up to a promising athletic career, in a very short period of time?

**MONEGHETTI:** My first ever race was a 3km cross-country race in Ballarat and I only started running marathons when I was 24, so that's probably true. I think the public thought, well, who's this new guy who has come on the scene. But they didn't realise that I'd been running cross-country races for umpteen years at a fairly high level.

**PLAYBOY:** So your progression from running low-profile, obscure cross-country events to competing at marathons was natural?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yes, it was a very natural progression for me to go to marathons. In fact, if it wasn't for a change in coach, I'd have done it a lot earlier. Chris [*Wardlaw*] said to put marathons on the back burner for a while and try to get my speed up on the track. That's primarily why I've got to the levels that I have, because the quicker you get over five and 10km while you're still building your strength for the marathon, the better you'll run that event eventually anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were going to compete in your first ever event exceeding 15km at the Commonwealth Games in order to qualify for the Olympics down the track! Surely not even a world-class cross-country runner could expect to fulfil that quotient?

**MONEGHETTI:** I'll admit it was a bit of a dream because I'd never run a marathon before. It was really pie-in-the-sky stuff but because I debuted so well, I got preselected for the World Championships, where I also ran well, and got preselected for the Olympic Games. I suppose this is the reasoning behind the rapid rise in public profile. It was all because of the Edinburgh debut which opened doors. The public recognition and support that I got from sponsors was huge just because of that meet.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about de Castella. There may be a public perception that there exists some animosity between you both. Is this so?

**MONEGHETTI:** Definitely not. At my first marathon in Edinburgh I roomed with Deek, which helped a great deal. It was important to see how he prepared for the marathon, the way he treated the media, the way he went about his training, and his lead-up into the race. I learnt a hell of a lot from him in that time.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you find yourself fighting for acceptance, while Deek was at his peak?

**MONEGHETTI:** In a way I suppose I did find it difficult. It was always difficult because you were always going to be recognised as the up-and-coming Deek and there is always Deek there in front of you. But for me it was always great to have that as an inspiration.

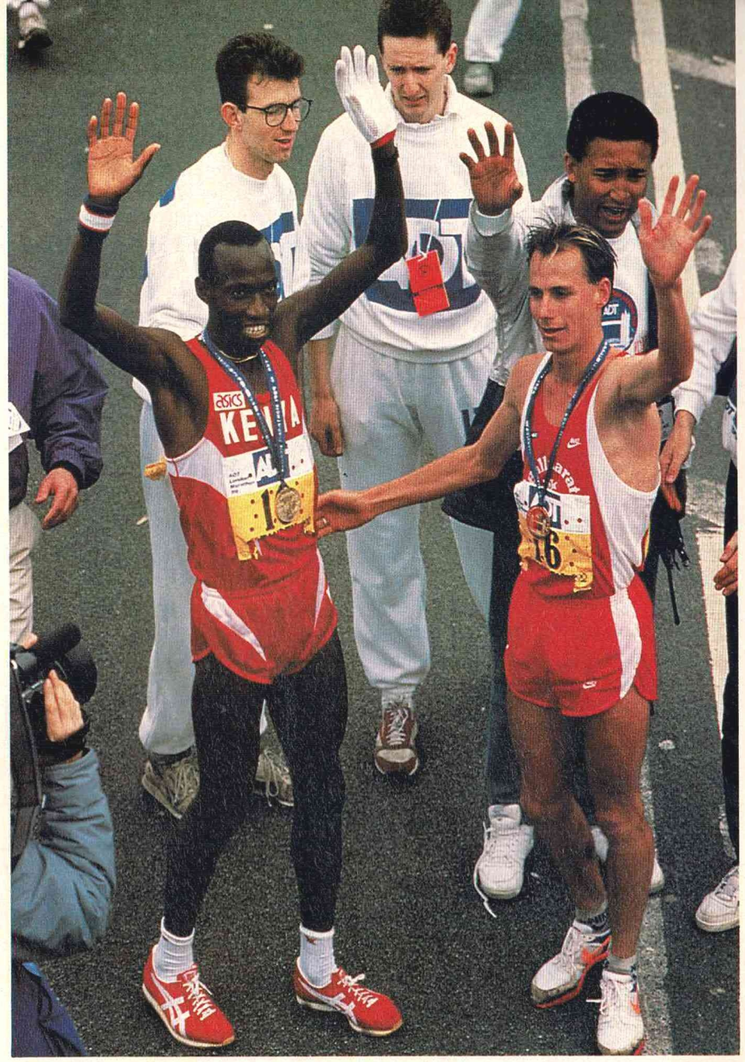
**PLAYBOY:** How difficult was it to assume that back seat role with seemingly endless second placings?

**MONEGHETTI:** In retrospect not very difficult at all. By his peers, Deek is regarded as one of the great marathoners because of the way he's been so consistent. No one's ranked as highly as he has in marathons, and if he goes to Barcelona that will make four Olympic Games, which is an incredible effort. I probably did have to settle for a back seat while Deek was at the top, but at the same time I think you've got to be pretty happy about it because Deek will go down in history as the greatest marathoner of all time.

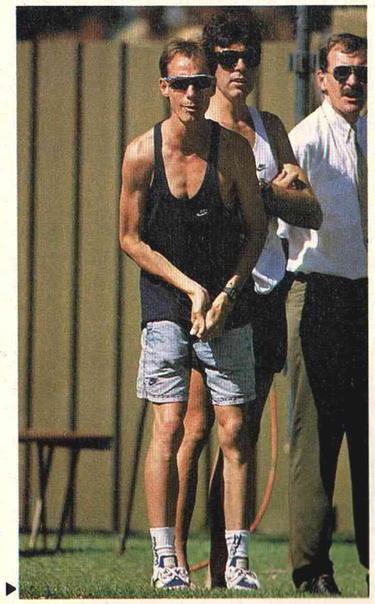
**PLAYBOY:** You say "while Deek *was* at the top". Can you now claim to be Australia's premier marathon runner?

**MONEGHETTI:** I suppose the Berlin marathon win would suggest that I am now our main contender for Barcelona. The public perceptions are that Deek may be ▶

***I thought I had a good chance of winning [the Berlin Marathon] . . . For the first time in my life I thought I was the best runner in the field and I knew it was time to win.***



***Whether on the sidelines, after a race or just hanging about, Moneghetti is the genuine "good bloke" of athletics.***



## moneghetti

on the downward slide and has maybe one good marathon left in him, maybe none. But never underestimate him because he's in a class of his own. The mere fact that he has come back to win at Rotterdam emphasises his great determination.

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like to be famous?

**MONEGHETTI:** I love being around other people and I suppose I'm now in a situation where I'm able to mix with famous Australians, but I never really think that I'm one of them. I'm always pinching myself saying I'm pretty lucky to be here, so make the best of it while you can. I suppose my athletic career has put me in a position that I could never have achieved through engineering.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you cope with the inevitable thought of pure exhaustion and pain after travelling 42km on foot in just over two hours?

**MONEGHETTI:** The personal triumph of succeeding tends to overcome the feelings of agony in most sports. I think a lot depends on your mental attitude. When you suffer physically to the point of running on empty, or lacking oxygen in the legs, you must be mentally strong and try to focus on your race plan. You will generally find that the elite marathon runners can all physically compete to about the same level, so the strongest person mentally will succeed. My training makes sure that I maintain the required level of fitness, but it does have its moments!

**PLAYBOY:** When people talk about marathons and similar endurance events, they always mention "hitting the wall". Have you ever "hit the wall"?

**MONEGHETTI:** Prior to Tokyo I would have definitely said no, but I certainly have now!

**PLAYBOY:** So what does it feel like?

**MONEGHETTI:** It was a really weird and scary feeling, because during the few weeks prior to the race I thought I was in the best shape of my life, and I even felt in great shape the day before. At the halfway mark I remember feeling really strong and aggressive, and while there was an unusually large pack of leaders still there, I thought I could win. Obviously I was wrong. At about the 23km mark I started to feel tired in the legs, which definitely wasn't normal, but I was getting my drinks better than ever before, and thought it would eventually go away. It was such an unusual feeling because I had never felt that tired so early in a marathon.

**PLAYBOY:** Rumour and innuendo, and lately even fact, has brought the use of performance-enhancing drugs into sports of various different natures. Have you ever come across drugs in sport?

**MONEGHETTI:** No. I have honestly never seen drugs taken in any way, shape or form. Obviously you hear of drugs' enhancing performance, but I'm probably lucky in that there is no proven drug

***Prior to Tokyo I would have definitely said no, I hadn't "hit the wall", but I certainly have now! . . . It was a really weird and scary feeling.***

which will enhance the performance of a marathoner. It seems the events that are most affected are the ones involving power, strength and speed, rather than endurance.

**PLAYBOY:** If that situation ever changed, and it was a proven fact that a particular drug would advantage a marathon runner, could you ever be enticed into using it?

**MONEGHETTI:** That's definitely the problem at the moment. Most athletes dabbling in drugs do it primarily because someone else is, and without some sort of supplement he won't be able to compete. I'm just glad it's not involved in marathon racing. I could never do that. In fact, it seems the authorities are rather suspicious, because the amount of times I have been tested is remarkable. [*Smiles*]

**PLAYBOY:** Earlier you were subjected to a period of uncertainty where your qualification for Barcelona was undecided. What happened there?

**MONEGHETTI:** Basically I hadn't run a fast enough time to compete at Barcelona. The qualifying time for the men's marathon is 2 hours 14 minutes and because of the heat and rather unsuitable conditions at the World Championships, my time was well outside that mark. Not even the winner from this particular race qualified on his winning time, and because I am one of the few runners who only compete in one marathon per year I don't have another time to present to the authorities.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you rate Australia's gold medal chances at Barcelona?

**MONEGHETTI:** Oh, I think the World Championships were a little disappointing, with performances at the top end in particular below expectation. But some of these results were clouded, and our depth is now greater than ever before. On the other hand, if you look through the past records we have only won about five golds on the track in recent times, so things may be tough.

**PLAYBOY:** One final tip for glory?

**MONEGHETTI:** If I had to nominate I'd probably say Simon Doyle. Simon was ill at the Worlds, which tended to be overlooked. He has such a competitive spirit and has a great opportunity to run well. Of the women, probably Lisa Martin (Ondieki) has the best chance of gold. Anyone who finished in the top 10 at the previous Olympics will stake a claim.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you change your preparation for Barcelona like dieting or special training taking into account the Tokyo performance?

**MONEGHETTI:** Obviously. I'd be stupid not to with conditions likely to be similar. But most people would eat a similar diet to myself. If you're sensible about a balanced diet you don't need any of the supplements. It's only when you're deficient in something that you require assistance. That part of my preparation will remain the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it possible to turn the Tokyo result around into positive vibes for Barcelona?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yes. I think it has actually worked in my favour, because the pressure has been released and the euphoria of the win in Berlin no longer exists. I was probably guilty of slightly underestimating things after that marathon, whereas now I know exactly what is required and can go about my training and planning more effectively. If I get the variables right in Barcelona, who knows what might happen?

**PLAYBOY:** Why do the Ikaangas, Wakiihuris and Shahangas always pop up at the right end of the marathon course?

**MONEGHETTI:** I don't really know. I used to think that their superiority was because they were born at altitude and because they come from a pretty special place to run. But my wife Tanya and I visited Africa at the start of last year and they're no different from us. In fact their lifestyle is a lot worse than ours, and their running terrain is very ordinary as well.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you fear African runners when they line up against you in a race?

**MONEGHETTI:** I think I used to, but I don't have that fear any more. If there is a difference it is just that they have more of a hunger to succeed than us, and, if that's the case, then it becomes a personal thing rather than race and colour.

**PLAYBOY:** So who's the best?

**MONEGHETTI:** I'd have to say Gelindo Bordin, because everyone wants an Olympic gold medal. Bordin won it in 1988, so he deserves the right to stay at number one for four years until Barcelona, even though his result in Tokyo was also disappointing. He was unbeaten in three marathons in 1990, which takes some doing.

**PLAYBOY:** How much prestige rides with the Olympic marathon? Is it the be-all and end-all of marathon racing?

**MONEGHETTI:** Oh definitely. The Olympic marathon is the most prestigious of all by far. There seems to be an aura about the Olympics which puts it head and shoulders above anything else. Not even the World Championships can compete, even though the selection standards are a little higher. I don't think people realise the number of countries involved in an Olympic Games and the history which surrounds it. It's easily the pinnacle event. That's why Bordin still has the right to be rated number one.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of atmosphere can you expect in the Olympic village? Is there much visible rivalry between athletes who stay so close together?

**MONEGHETTI:** No, not really. The atmosphere is usually fairly good in the village, especially between the English-speaking marathon runners. I am quite good friends with Juma Ikaanga and Gelindo Bordin, and we will often meet in the cafeteria and sit down together.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever train with your rivals during that period in the village?

**MONEGHETTI:** No, that's probably where you draw the line. We rarely train together.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any aspect of the Olympics that you dislike or don't look forward to?

**MONEGHETTI:** Yeah, the wait from the time you arrive in the host city to the last day of competition when the marathon is staged. The waiting around is very hard, especially in the village, because every other athlete has completed their part in the Games and some even begin to celebrate before we marathoners have started. In fact I don't even enjoy being there purely because of this, and it's not until you get home that you realise that you have been part of one of the greatest things life has to offer. That makes it all worth while.

**PLAYBOY:** You say a marathon runner only has a short career. How long can you compete at this level successfully?

**MONEGHETTI:** My coach and I have a bit of a theory that you only have about 10 good marathons in you. De Castella is the obvious exception to the rule because he's a freak. To back up for a fourth Olympic campaign would be incredible. That's why we went straight to the bigger ones so as not to waste any on selection races or minor marathons. This was the easiest way possible to go to the Olympic Games.

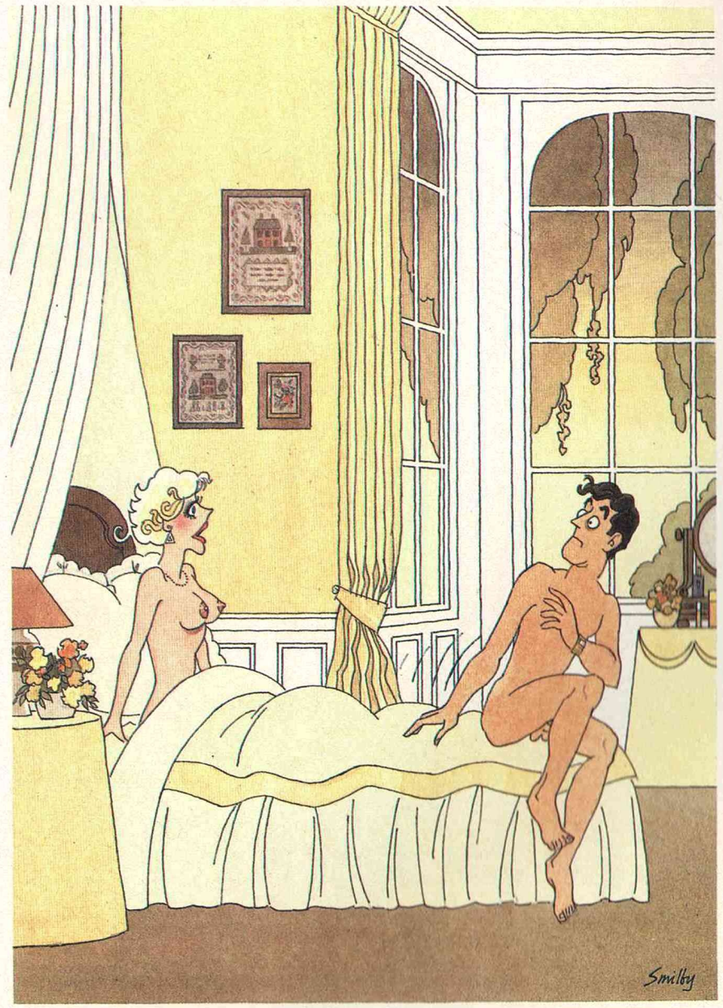
Because we only run one marathon a year I think we're extending my career, and I am also very cautious. I get massages once a week and run on softer surfaces at home. I think that my legs are in pretty good shape considering the number of marathons I've run in.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you win the Olympic gold medal for Australia?

**MONEGHETTI:** I think that with the weather likely to again be hot and humid, survival on the day will be the main priority, and the best mentally prepared person will win. You never say or think you're actually going to win, you just prepare the best you can both physically and mentally and perform to your potential on the day.

**PLAYBOY:** You have already competed in seven marathons for one win, so where does that leave your career?

**MONEGHETTI:** That's right, I'm up to seven, so the Olympic Games in Barcelona will be eight. You're probably peaking at about your eighth marathon. I always thought that if the 1996 Games were in Melbourne that'd be a good way to say goodbye, but they're not and I doubt that I'm going to be around in four years' time.




*"Gee, honey, I'm sorry, but you did say to talk dirty."*

There's a story doing the rounds of the music business at the moment which suggests that an Australian number-one hit single of last year was recorded on a budget of less than $1000. This in itself is quite remarkable, or would have been a few years ago, before the advent of digital technology, sampling, sequencers etc. But what is even more telling is the fact that the video clip that accompanied ▶

# Music, Lies & Videotape

Australia pioneered the video clip, writes Stuart Hitchings. But did we create a monster?

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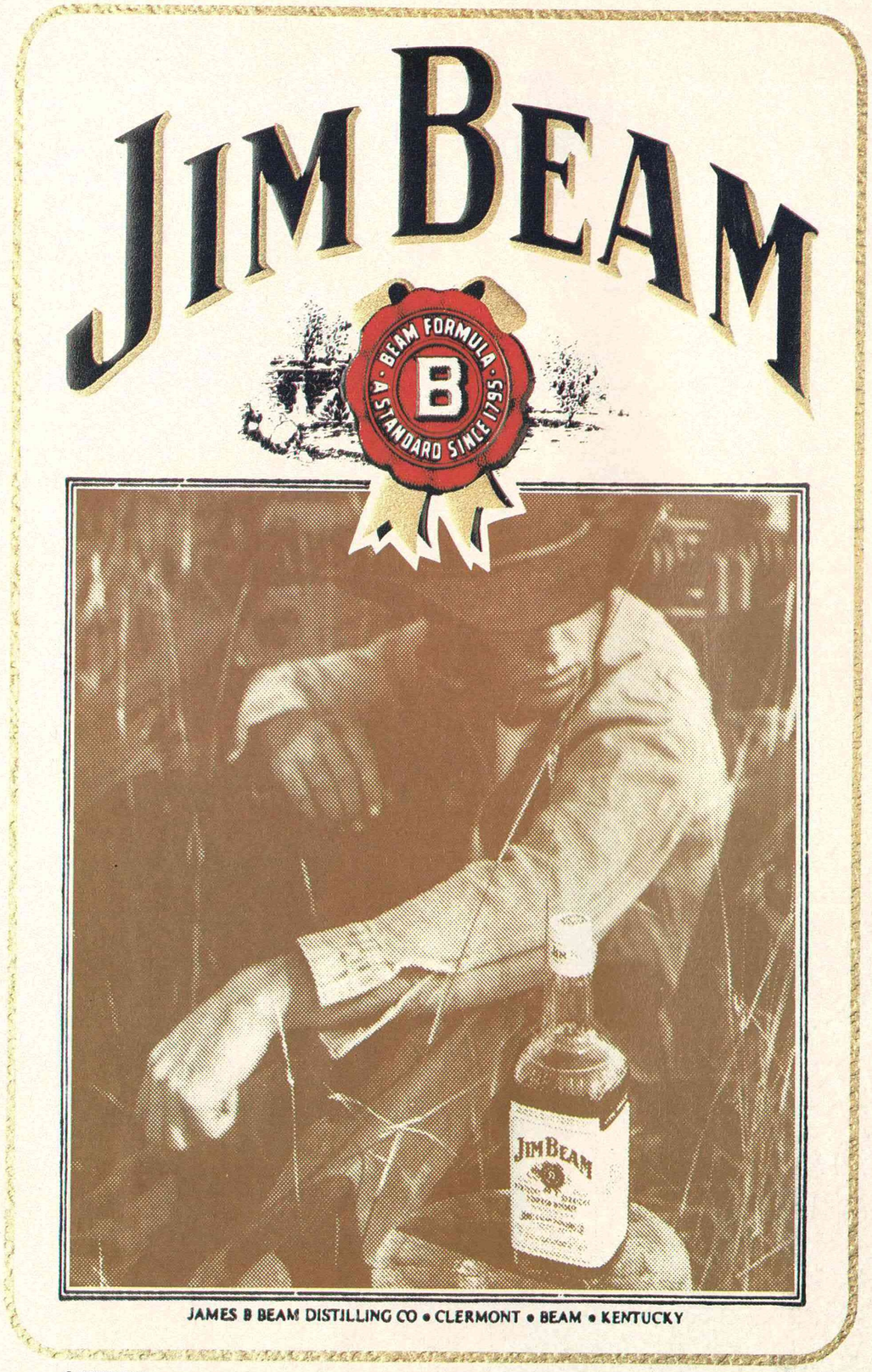

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and promoted said number one reportedly cost $55,000 to produce. This may well be an apocryphal tale — naturally none of the parties involved is willing to confirm or deny the figures — but it speaks volumes for the power, real or perceived, of the video as a promotional tool and the priorities of record companies when it comes to deciding where and how to spend their money.

These days the music video clip is everywhere: on a bewildering variety of TV shows, in pubs and clubs, even in arcades and shopping malls. And it seems to have been around so long we've pretty much come to take it for granted. In reality, though, it's really only over the past decade that the video clip has become so ubiquitous we have to wonder whether the tail isn't wagging the dog. Just how have we ended up with the current situation where the cost of producing a record can be so drastically exceeded by the cost of producing what ought to be a secondary, peripheral, marketing tool? To understand properly it's necessary to enter the time tunnel and trace the story of video clip back to its inception.

Effectively, the first music clips were those incorporated into cinema musicals, so it could be argued that Al Jolson was the first video star, though it was Elvis and his series of films which brought the whole thing squarely into the rock'n'roll era. Of course, the advent of television also helped introduce crude music clips, though in those early days they usually consisted of either live or mimed studio performances, particularly in America where union rules required music on television to be live.

By the early '60s the first custom-built promo clips were beginning to appear. They tended to feature unsynchronised footage of the artist or group wandering through parks or across endless stretches of tarmac. It was in the mid-'60s that the idea of a film clip produced specifically to promote a song started to take off, and, not surprisingly perhaps, The Beatles were one of the driving forces behind the new medium. It was the band's decision sometime around 1966 to stop touring and performing live, not to mention their film-making experiences with director Richard Lester and the stupendous amount of money they'd already accumulated, that led them to make film clips for the double-A-sided single *Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields Forever*. These clips were possibly the first to feature genuinely high production values, quite on a par with their feature films, and set a standard that few at the time could afford to match.

At that time, as today, Australia was a particularly avid consumer of musical film clips because of its isolation — in the '60s, even more so than now, the Australian charts were full of records by British and American acts, yet the prohibitive costs of touring meant that most of them would never perform live in this country. However, the pop TV programs of the era needed images to accompany these foreign hits and would take clips from wherever they could find them; if there was no film clip (and there usually wasn't) they would try and get footage from foreign television, like Britain's *Top Of The Pops* or *Soul Train* in the States. Other Australian shows, like *Kommotion* in the mid-'60s, got around this problem by employing fresh-faced, good-looking teenagers to mime to the foreign hits of the day. One of these was Ian "Molly" Meldrum, who would go on to play a major role in the development of the music video in this country.

***. . . the record company just wants the band miming in the studio while the band has ideas about blowing up the Harbour Bridge.***

Meldrum, in fact, was right on the spot when a couple of important events coincided in the middle of the '70s which would further enhance the power of the promotional music clip: 1974 saw the debut of *Countdown* on our TV screens, and it happened at almost exactly the same time as colour television became available in Australia. Countdown's commitment to showcasing new talent and Australian acts, not to mention its tremendous rating power, created an increased demand for music videos. Even then, however, they were still pretty thin on the ground.

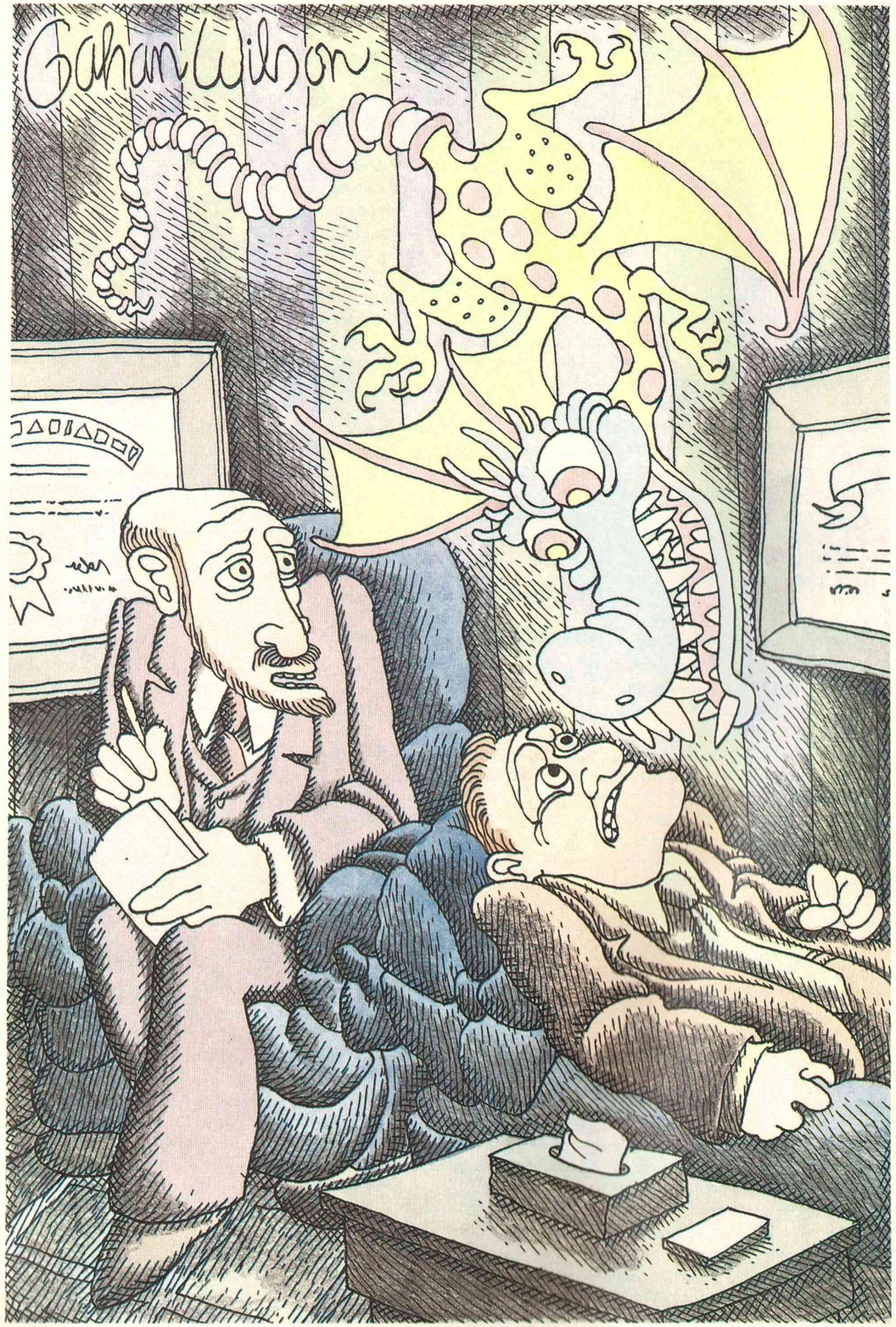
"When *Countdown* first started, Molly and I would often go overseas and try and convince record companies to make video clips, explaining that with them we could break artists who had only ever been heard on radio in Australia," says Grant Rule, who worked as director-producer and later executive producer on the show, and is now head of Light Entertainment for the Ten Network. "They often used to look at us like we were Martians when we would beg and scream for this sort of promotional material. I think in the end, though, we proved to these companies that videos could work in the same way as a tour, without the expense of flying 20,000 kilometres."

It's one of the enduring cliches of the Australian music industry that if you got your video clip on to *Countdown* on a Sunday evening it would jump 20 places in the charts that week. And it's become a cliche because it was so often true. Suddenly a video clip, providing you could get it on the show, could almost guarantee a hit, a fact that record companies weren't slow to pick up on. Furthermore, *Countdown*'s policy that each show would have at least one-third Australian content created additional problems. "It meant that quite frequently we would have to play some artists who really weren't up to scratch," says Rule (who was, incidentally, also a mimer on *Kommotion*).

(Though *Countdown* was the most successful pop TV show in this country for some 14 years, it should be pointed out that it wasn't alone during the '70s. One of its rivals was *Sound Unlimited* (later *Sounds*) and one of that program's editors was Russell Mulcahy, later to become a high-profile video clip director and eventually a feature film-maker. Legend has it that producer Graeme Webb gave the young Mulcahy $50 to shoot a clip for the Ted Mulry Gang. Within five years Mulcahy would be in London controlling six-figure budgets to make clips for the likes of Ultravox and Duran Duran.)

By the mid-'70s, then, Australia was possibly the most forward-thinking country in the world in the field of pop videos, and as the first wave of Australian rockers tried to establish themselves abroad the videos they'd made here proved useful in whetting the appetites of overseas record companies and punters, something that still applies today. But it was the release of *Bohemian Rhapsody* in 1975, closely followed by a number of ground-breaking clips from Godley and Creme, which utilised new video (rather than film) special effects technology, that really began to open people's eyes to the creative potential of the music video.

By the end of the '70s, the music video was very well established both here and in the UK, but the medium still lagged behind in America. It took one final event ▶




*"First, let me put your mind at ease about that being an hallucination . . ."*



## M, L & V

to complete the ascendancy of the music clip and that came in 1981, when *MTV* was launched in the States. *MTV* was hardly an overnight success, however. Cable TV operators in some cities, most notably New York and Los Angeles, refused to take the show, saying there was no market for it, and some record companies, seemingly unable to grasp the fact that they were being offered free advertising, refused to release clips to *MTV* unless they paid them a fee. (This situation hasn't been confined to America either — the idea of "pay for play" also crops up here from time to time.) Eventually, of course, these problems fell by the wayside.

Despite the demise of the immensely powerful *Countdown* and the subsequent fracturing of the market, Australia remains one of the most vibrant countries in the world for music videos. *Rage* alone runs roughly 12 hours of music videos each weekend and, though it and *MTV* don't rate particularly highly because of their timeslots, they are still influential. Then there's the daytime video clip shows like *Video Hits* and *Video Smash Hits* which are more top 40-orientated and aimed at a younger audience.

"We've reached the point where it's almost impossible, and unthinkable, to promote any act, especially a new one, without a video to support the song," says Sue McAullay, head of promotion at Mushroom Records. "In terms of establishing an image it's absolutely vital that we have something that will give people an idea of not only what an artist sounds like but also what they look like. And here in Australia it's especially important because of the amount of airtime that's available on such a wide variety of TV shows and because of the role a clip can play in breaking an artist overseas. I've just come back from MIDEM [*an annual music industry trade fair held in France*] and other delegates at the conference were astounded when you'd show them, say, a Deborah Conway clip and tell them it was the third video from the album. These days it's normal practice here that every single has an accompanying video, but not necessarily overseas."

It's not surprising then, given that this is an almost universal point of view within the Australian music industry, that Australia continues to keep pace in the ever-evolving medium of the pop video, and that the making of these videos is now a multimillion-dollar industry. It provides jobs, entertainment and cheap television But is everyone a winner?

Imagine you're a member of an up-and-coming young band shopping around for a recording contract. Part of that contract will not only require you to make albums and singles for your label, but also to make video clips to support those singles, often specified as two or three per LP. The cost of producing these videos will probably come in at anything between $5000 and $35,000 each (though, of course, it could be much more) and this will have to be taken into account, as will your telegenic qualities, before a decision is made as to whether you'll be offered a contract or not. The extra financial provision for video clips therefore has two effects: it makes record companies increasingly cautious about committing themselves to signing an act, and it serves to place artists in greater debt to their record companies, as they'll be expected to repay anything from 50 to 100 per cent of the cost of making these videos from their royalties. In short, making two or three video clips can effectively double the cost of recording a debut album — all money advanced (ie, lent) to the artist by their record label.

Supposing you are eventually offered a contract, your album is recorded and a single is chosen from that album — now's the time for you to make your video. The first thing that has to be done is the choosing of a director, and that's often accomplished by asking up to six directors to submit ideas for images to go with your song. This is potential conflict ▶

### MUSIC VIDEO MAGAZINES — THE MEDIUM OF THE FUTURE?

Elvis Costello once said, in a moment of exasperation with some unfortunate rock journalist, that "writing about music is like dancing about architecture". He has a point. You can intellectualise or trivialise music as much as you want in print, but you'll never be able to convey definitively to a reader the most important thing — what a record actually sounds like.

This is why music video magazines would seem to be such an obvious idea. Yet, in the 10 or so years since the concept of a music video magazine was first mooted as the medium of the future, they haven't really taken off. Sure there are a few, mostly genre-based, titles around, like *Dance International* and *Hard 'N' Heavy*, but these are produced overseas. It's only recently that the first Australian title, *Smash Hits Video Magazine*, appeared.

Obviously Australia's small population has been the main stumbling block to starting a music video magazine here. Videos are expensive to produce and manufacture and the size of the local market has made potential backers wary of the possibility of delivering a product at a price that would make it competitive. *Smash Hits Video Magazine* producer Peter Fox has got round this by tying his product in with *Smash Hits* magazine and the *Video Smash Hits* TV show, as well as Roadshow, one of Australia's leading film and video distributors, who have sunk over half a million dollars into the project. This has given him credibility, distribution, a widely recognised masthead and title and a lot of opportunities for cross-promotion. He's also managed to keep the price down by accepting two or three minutes of advertising in each monthly 60 minute magazine. As a result the magazine, which features interviews, backstage footage, celebrity hosts and video clips, sells for $16.95 instead of the $30-plus it would otherwise cost.

This might still seem a lot, but it's less than the cost of an album, and evidence suggests that the young kids (average age 14-16 and 65 per cent female, according to questionnaires returned by viewers) the video is aimed at often club together to buy it, giving them a viewership in excess of the 10,000 or so copies sold each month. Fox says the sales figures and the research that shows that each copy is watched some 14 times is encouraging, but admits that it was a difficult idea to get off the ground.

"I think the problem is that there's been a lack of foresight on the part of the major publishers, and in some cases they've actively sought to deepen the void between the print media and electronic media. The idea of a video magazine being the stepping stone between the two really scares them because they're worried about losing sales and advertising."

Fox always believed that tying the video magazine in with a successful print magazine (he used to produce a less specialised video for *Dolly* magazine) was the obvious way to go. "Hopefully the video magazine will help stimulate consumer interest in *Smash Hits*, the magazine, and *Video Smash Hits*, the TV show. So they'll be buying more copies of the magazine and watching the TV program more and this three-pronged approach will heavily increase awareness of the *Smash Hits* name. We try and tie things in with the magazine so that you can be watching, say, Madonna on the video while reading about her latest exploits in the magazine."

The video's editorial director, Lisa Anthony, an ex-editor of *Smash Hits* (print) magazine, agrees. "I'd like to think that the three complement each other. There's always this initial paranoia when a new medium comes along, but TV hasn't made books obsolete and videos haven't made films obsolete, so I don't think a video magazine will spell the end for print magazines either. I hope not, because apart from anything else I still like reading and I still write for magazines!"

# M, L & V

number one.

"Often there's complete confusion surrounding clips," says Marcelle Lunam, currently one of the hottest young video clip directors in the country. "The record company might have no idea what they want to do with a band, especially a new band, while every member of the band will have a different idea again. So they'll ask for submissions from directors and often you'll have to do those for a band you know nothing about without hearing the song or even seeing a lyric sheet. You have to be a sort of clairvoyant and really it's something of a lottery."

Of course record companies have their complaints about directors too. Regular Records' Martin Fabinyi pulls no punches when he says, "A clip is a commercial and the people who should be in charge of it are the artist and the record company, so you tend to hire directors who don't have ridiculous ideas about producing 'art'. I've worked with some directors, and I won't name any names, who are just total wankers in this regard."

Sony Music's director of marketing, Chris Moss, is a little more diplomatic, but makes a similar point. "Sometimes there is a conflict with directors whose focus is 100 per cent on the art of film-making and who don't want to get involved in the craft of marketing, which is the record company's job. Most of the time, though, this problem manifests in videos' running over budget."

Which brings us neatly to potential conflict number two: once a suitable director has been chosen, how much is to be spent? All parties — record companies, directors and artists — agree that this is the area where serious disagreements are likely to occur. "The most common conflict, in my experience, is generally over budget," says clip director David Caesar. "Because bands have to repay the money, or half the money or whatever, that's spent on their clips they often object when a record company wants to spend $30,000 . . . they want to spend 10 [*but*] the record company knows they can't get a decent-looking clip for $10,000. Other times it's the other way round, where the company just wants the band miming in the studio while the band has ideas about blowing up the Sydney Harbour Bridge!"

Of course everyone also has a different idea as to exactly how much needs to be spent to produce a "decent-looking clip". While Moss and Caesar contend that it's difficult to make a professional-looking video for less than $15,000-$20,000, Fabinyi begs to differ. "I reckon these days you can make a good video for seven grand. The secret is to find fresh young film-makers with fresh new ideas who won't charge you a fortune for them."

This is a situation which Lunam, who's made her share of cheap clips, thinks verges on exploitation. "This idea of using hungry young directors and crews to make clips cheaply is exploitative. That's not to say that it can't be good for the people being exploited, that they don't get anything out of it, but it *is* exploitation. Often you're working with such tiny budgets that no one gets paid and you have to call in favours from post-production houses. At first you're excited about the work so you might not mind, but the problem is that it sets a precedent. When you come back to make the next video and explain that this time it's going to cost $18,000 instead of $5000 they ask why, and then seem shocked when you suggest that this time everybody should get paid for their work. And you're not even talking about award rates — this is like $100 per day for someone doing playback."

Obviously deciding on a budget is a double-edged sword from both the record company's and the artist's point of view. If the purpose of a clip is not only to promote a song in Australia but also to possibly break a band overseas, the company will want a clip with high enough production values to be shown on *MTV* America, where it has to compete against internationally established artists with huge budgets. On the other hand there is a very real possibility that a clip, especially by a new act, may only get shown once or twice on TV, in which case a lot of money has just been flushed away. Artists, too, want a video which will compete with the best around, yet, if they're sensible, they'll also be anxious to keep their debt to their label within manageable limits. But even spending a fortune on a clip won't guarantee the success of a song. Last year one of Australia's biggest acts spent a reported $300,000 making a video clip. Given the disappointing sales of both that particular single and the album it was lifted from, wags have suggested that they might have been better off simply gathering together $300,000 in cash, setting it on fire, and filming that.

These days almost all video clips constitute what is known as the "performance clip", so called because it invariably concentrates on the performance of the band or artist as they mime and pretend to play their instruments. Essentially a dull idea, it is then up to directors to make it more interesting by using fast editing (usually in time with the beat), special effects and quick cutaways to other scenes.

Record companies prefer these sorts of clip because the band or solo artist features heavily and they are therefore good for establishing image and, in the case of rock bands especially, it's felt that seeing the band actually play (even though they're not) is also good for credibility. The drawback, though, is that the majority of clips look too much alike — this is not only a problem for the artist and record company, who want their clip to stand out, but also TV programmers.

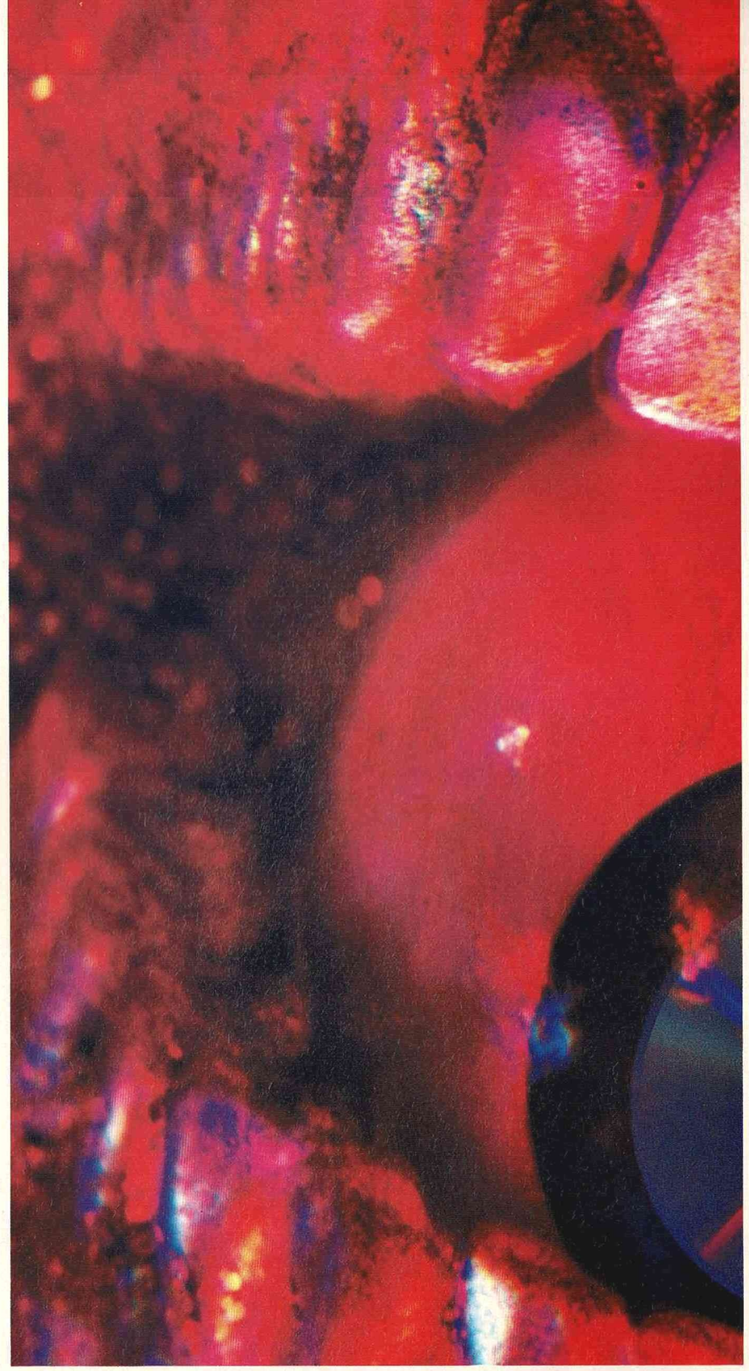
Occasionally, though, a director will be allowed to make a "concept clip", one which features a more abstract idea. However, even when this method has been agreed to in advance and detailed storyboards have been approved by all parties, it's entirely possible that the record company still won't like the end result.

Such a situation happened recently to Lunam who, at the behest of a band who wanted an "anti-clip", set out to devise a video that would look different. This was achieved by filming the entire clip in one take, hence no fast editing, and by not having the band appear until the final seconds of the clip, when they jump into a dune buggy and rip toward the camera.

The band loved the clip, as did the boss of the independent label they are directly signed to. The problem, however, came from that label's major distributor, whose job it is to promote the band. "A week later we got a frantic phone call from the label telling us that the video TV shows were refusing to play the clip, that it was substandard etc," says Lunam. "This was a ridiculous claim, because *MTV* and *Rage* had already played the clip over the weekend, and when we spoke to Annette Shun Wah at SBS she said that the only reason she hadn't programmed it was that she hadn't received a copy from the record company. So we went back to the record company who by now were suggesting shooting new scenes and editing in footage of the band playing and miming to the song because, apparently, their promotional reps 'couldn't get their heads around the concept of the video'. But the band were adamant that the video go out as it was and their contract, which guarantees them complete creative control, gave them the right to demand that. In the end they won, but it's a good example of what can happen when a band and record company clash."

Suppose though that eventually the clip is finished and everyone's happy with it. Now comes the moment of truth — will it get played on television and will it give

*(continued on page 104)*



## FROM ROCK CLIPS TO FEATURE FILMS — ONE SMALL STEP FOR A DIRECTOR?

For some time now established feature film directors like Martin Scorsese, John Landis and Spike Lee have been indulging themselves directing music video clips. And why not? They're fun, quick and, for these guys at least, probably very lucrative. After all, when you've got an artist like Michael Jackson who's prepared to spend millions on a video, using the very latest special effects technology, it must be difficult to resist.

A similar thing also appears to be working in reverse in that, on the surface at least, directing music videos seems to have become a well-worn route toward feature film-directing. Taking Australia alone, film directors like Richard Lowenstein (*Strikebound*, *Dogs In Space*), Russell Mulcahy (*Razorback*, *Highlander* and *Highlander 2*) and John Hillcoat (*Ghosts . . . Of The Civil Dead*) all established formidable reputations as clip directors prior to making their first features, leading one to the conclusion that video clips had replaced advertising as the back door route into feature film-making. At least that's what I thought. But after speaking to a couple of directors it seems the reality is rather different.

"I don't think the clips I've done will be much help when it comes to raising money for my own projects," says Marcelle Lunam, who was nominated for an ARIA award for best video clip this year. "I think that in the film industry they're not seen as being particularly creative, they're looked on in much the same light as commercials. It's a bit like the perceived difference between commercial art and fine art and sometimes it can even work against you.

"I really want to get into film but I don't really want to make any more clips because it takes up too much time I could be spending working on the documentary and the short film I want to make, or the script I'm writing. And also because, basically, I've become a bit bored with them."

David Caesar, who directed the award-winning documentary *Bodywork* and has just finished his first feature film, *Greenkeeping*, has been directing music video clips since 1983, before he even started film school. "I did think originally — and rather naively as it turns out — that video clips actually meant something in terms of your resume," he says. "But the problem with making rock clips, and ads as well, is that they're made for a client and from a client's point of view. They're about glossy images and style over substance, and that doesn't put you in good stead for feature films."

Caesar believes that Lowenstein got the money to make *Strikebound* as a result of *Evictions*, his student film, and while he concedes that Lowenstein's relationship with INXS and Michael Hutchence might have helped the financing of *Dogs In Space*, he doubts that it's the reason he got to make the film in the first place. Returning to his own experience he says that he and producer Glenys Rowe raised the finance for *Greenkeeping* because of the success of *Bodywork* and his short films, rather than any music videos he might have made.

Summarising the situation, he adds: "Take two directors who are approaching a producer to get money to make a film or get a director's job. One's got a showreel of 20 fantastic-looking video clips that all cost $100,000 each and are brilliantly shot, brilliantly designed, brilliantly edited. The other's got a 30 minute home movie shot on Video 8 which cost $500, features his friends as actors and is technically crappy but has some sense of individuality and soul. I think that in that situation the director of the crappy home movie's going to get the money, or get the job."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

# A PRIDE of Brides

*all women deserve to wear white*

Women grow up to be brides. Men grow up to be bewildered by brides. Women sometimes flower at their weddings. Men can wilt at theirs. A woman often thinks of her wedding as the first day of the rest of her life. A man can regard it as the day after the last great fling in recorded history. What happens when a woman becomes a bride? What specific biochemical transformation takes place? Why all the organdy, crepe de Chine, raw silk and veiled intentions? We thought we'd best investigate this whole bride thing to see if we could make sense of it.

First, we assembled a group of brides and potential brides and photographed them in their natural habitat. In doing so, we had to dispel our notion that in some ways all brides are alike. We noticed immediately that they do not all dress in the same fashion. Some dress in as many layers as a chrysanthemum has petals. One woman told us that when she was shopping for a wedding dress, she found herself standing on a raised platform in a large room dressed only in her underpants, while ladies ushered in a steady stream of dresses.

Having the gowns coaxed over her head was, she said, an eerie sort of pampering. There she was, one moment swathed in this exquisitely crafted garment that made her look terrific, and the next moment she was like a naked Barbie doll waiting for another outfit to come out of the chute. We see on these pages that bridal outfits can be abbreviated to great effect. Brides and bridesmaids tend naturally to cluster around one another even before the ceremony. This is when certain behaviours are learned, whatever the stated purpose of the gathering.

These secrets include practical advice on matters of decorum and how to lay out perfect place settings with all that silver, china and crystal that pours in around this time. When a bride walks down the aisle with stars in her eyes, confident that she is the most beautiful woman in the room, she strides purposefully toward the man of her dreams.

That may be to finetune a guest list, to mull over flower arrangements and caterers and to wonder how to tell the dozen or so men still calling up why you are no longer in circulation, but what takes place is the assimilation of feminine protocols that distinguish married women from party babes. Brides are full of secrets, which they share with other brides.

She knows, however, from talking with other brides, that some day in the future this may all change. And change, after all, is what a bride is trained to effect. When asked who makes most of the changes in the people around her, the bride answers, "I do."

ILLUSTRATION BY ROWENA HAMLYN-ASPDEN

I MARRIED A REPTILE FROM

# OUTER SPACE

***. . . or at least that's where the much-divorced Austin Brons thinks she came from. And what's more, she tried to take the loot back with her!***

I've got nothing against marriage. Shit, no! After all I've had three of them and I reckon my wedding days were the greatest days of my life. I'd recommend it to anyone.

It's the divorce that I'm not fussed about. And let's face it, to have three marriages I had to have two divorces. Mercifully, the first one was pretty straightforward, probably because we didn't have any worldly possessions to fight over. Even with a small boy involved, it all ended amicably.

Not so the second. She turned out to be a real doozey. In hindsight I should have taken the odds on going to the nick for bigamy, because I still reckon that being gang-banged by the lifers at Long Bay is preferable to what she put me through. At least a sore arse wears off after a while. The memories of that union made in hell will haunt me forever.

The upside of it is that I will never again have to put up with her excruciating periods and her vitriolic sister, or watch her take off her make-up with a blow-torch.

Then there was her mother. What a loathsome old lizard she was. At dinnertime she'd sit in the corner and flick flies out of the air ▶

# OUTER SPACE

with her tongue. She travelled overseas twice a year to shed her skin. The day she was born the doctor should have slapped her mother. To cap it all, the scaly one would sit there all day with her tail curled around her ankles and heap shit on me while she drank all my booze and smoked all my cigarettes!

"Why don't you get a proper job?" she would grizzle.

"I told my daughter that she should never have married you," she would hiss as she sucked on a schooner of Chivas Regal.

"Businessmen trying to make it as writers are bums. Why don't you get an honest job selling insurance like my Norm." The only good thing was that the grog eventually killed the old reptile. We had her cremated and it took a month to put out the fire. I took one last look at her at the parlour before the funeral and wondered how I had wound up with her daughter. I'm led to believe that certain lizards eat their young at birth.

And that was the final nail in the coffin of our marriage. With her mother winging her way to heaven on her broom, I was stuck with old crinkle-box accusing me of sending her to an early grave. That's if you can call 75 young. Even the three-toed sloth only lives for about 60 years and they do more moving around in a day than her mother did in her entire life.

Life became a living nightmare for both of us. For two people who were once so much in love it was a crime to see it go that way.

Maybe her mother was right. I should never have married her daughter in the first place. I should have done what they do in America. You don't get married or divorced, you find a female you hate and you buy her a house.

There was no house or kids involved in our carve-up but there were plenty of antiques, paintings, cars and businesses — things that I had gone into the marriage with and lots of things that we had accumulated together in those 10 years. When we couldn't stand the sight of each other any longer and decided to go our separate ways, my ever-loving spouse wanted the lot.

We finally agreed that she would take the two most lucrative businesses, the BMW sports, and half of the things that we had accumulated together. It was then that I made the biggest mistake of my life. Trusting her, I came out with the classic line of all time.

"Why don't you move in with one of your girlfriends, and on moving day I'll go to work, and you take what you reckon is a fair thing." To this day I choke when I think of what I said. No wonder she smiled to herself and got straight on the dog and bone and made arrangements to move into her sister's the next day before I realised the stupidity of my promise and changed my mind.

I passed the removalist's van in the driveway on my way to work and I remember thinking at the time that it looked a little large to take away her half of our combined possessions.

When I got home that night I thought that I had walked into the wrong apartment. The cupboard was bare. And so was the fridge and the rest of the joint. It looked like I'd been burgled by Grace Bros. The only thing of value left was a black and white TV set and a milk crate to sit on while I was watching it.

The other indication that a nuclear explosion hadn't swept through there was our three whining dogs and their litter tray full of turds. As the dogs yelped to be fed and rubbed themselves up against my legs, I sat on the milk crate and figured that at least she was gone and the torment was over. I could always replace those material things. As I shed a tear at what might have been, I was relieved that the end had finally come.

But that wasn't the end of it. Not by a long shot. She wasn't going to let this mug go that easily. Anyone silly enough to give her open slather on the furniture had to be good for another sting.

And so she kept in touch by phone, assuring me that possession was nine-tenths of the law and that she only took what she was entitled to.

Besides, she said, I ended up with the restaurant, which, due to her efforts while I was at home writing, had been built up into a nice big cash-flow, and that more than compensated for a few Georgian sideboards and the odd Brett Whiteley.

But when my accountant informed me that the restaurant was about one hundred and twenty grand in the red and the creditors were starting to spew, I woke up to the fact that I had fallen for the thimble and pea trick and I was in deep shit.

So much for her building up the cash-flow. More like her and the poofy chef had been getting stuck into the Dom Perignon and Beluga caviar while I had

*"Of course you've dialled the wrong number — we don't even have a telephone."*



been trying to become Ernest Hemingway. When he wasn't copping it up the freckle, the chef was putting on mega-trendy glittering free lunches for all of his turd-burglarising bum chums, and dopey madam would sit around and chat camp crap with the faggots while they sipped the best vintages at my expense. That was her idea of running a restaurant.

My big problem was that I couldn't stay mad at her for long. She was hopeless out in the big wide world on her own, and as her business ventures fell in a heap she was forever on the phone looking for a handout.

She claimed to have maintained her chastity through the early months, saying that I was the only man she had ever loved and just the thought of climbing into the cot with another bloke made her feel crook.

This approach did wonders for my ego and she knew it.

Unbeknownst to me, my generosity was propping up her boyfriend, an unemployed actor who went to auditions for a living. Apparently he'd stopped auditioning long enough to give her the pork sword and she figured that old muggins me should foot the bills — in blissful ignorance of course.

So when I found out that the thespian had moved in with her, I wasn't really impressed. My dwindling finances were keeping him away from the producers and agents, and, instead of going to work, Dumb Dora was staying at home all day sucking his cock. Enough was enough.

When I fronted her, however, she claimed that he was just a friend who couldn't crack a fat. She reckoned that they had tried it a couple of times and he couldn't aim up. Now they were just flatmates.

Be that as it may, I wasn't going to subsidise the next Laurence Olivier. And so, when the money dried up, she turned up the heat.

By now I was getting published and my life had taken a completely different

***I wasn't really impressed. Instead of going to work, Dumb Dora was staying home all day sucking his cock.***

course. I had sold the restaurant and was writing full-time. But the sixty grand I got for the restaurant was about sixty grand short of what I owed, so I paid all of the creditors by taking out personal loans and selling off what limited possessions I had left. And you wouldn't have to have a university degree to figure out what happened next.

Yup! You got it. Her ladyship came after me for her share of the sixty grand. Her solicitor was one of those vampires who doesn't charge a fee and works on a percentage of what he can get out of the spouse.

He was relentless. Process servers, thugs and debt collectors all turned up at home. I told them all to get fucked through the door but they wouldn't go away.

She had them convinced that I had plenty, and if they persisted long enough there was a big drink there for everyone.

I moved and got a silent number. That kept them at bay for a couple of weeks and then they were back on my doorstep.

She was now suing for the whole sixty grand in the hope that I would buckle under the pressure and cough up with half.

And in the end I gave in. I agreed to her terms of divorce if she got the piranhas off my back.

She agreed. She knew she had me by the nuts, and while I was still afloat I was very vulnerable. She would claim that the businesses that she took were run-down and she was entitled to any goodwill from the sale of the restaurant. If it was in debt, that wasn't her problem. She had a pretty good argument.

Installed her for a couple of weeks by telling her that I would sell everything to get the thirty grand that we had agreed on. She had the papers drawn up while I had a fire sale and liquidated every asset I had.

Then I completely fucked her. I bent the money-hungry witch over and slid a cattle prodder right up her blurter. I went downtown and bankrupted myself.

I snookered away what I had left, and as the banks, finance companies and credit card vultures rang, I simply quoted my new bankruptcy number and told them to go shit in their hats.

Seeing as she had just become another unsecured creditor, I rang her solicitor to tell her to go and do likewise.

When she found out what I had done she was straight on the blower.

"You fucking arsehole," she spewed. "That's the one thing that they said you wouldn't do. You fuckwit, you've blown your credit rating."

"Maybe I have," I replied. "I'm a bankrupt and you're an arsehole. One day I'll get a discharge and I'll get my credit rating back. But no matter what you do you are going to be an arsehole for the rest of your life. How does it feel?"

And when the locusts couldn't get anything out of me, they sued her as co-guarantor on some of the leftovers like cars that sold for a lot less than the pay-out. Even the solicitor sued her for legal fees. They took her to the cleaners.

We don't talk these days.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VIRTUE

# Strictly Leeanne

***Ballroom dancing's big news at the moment — and our Miss August helped put it there!***

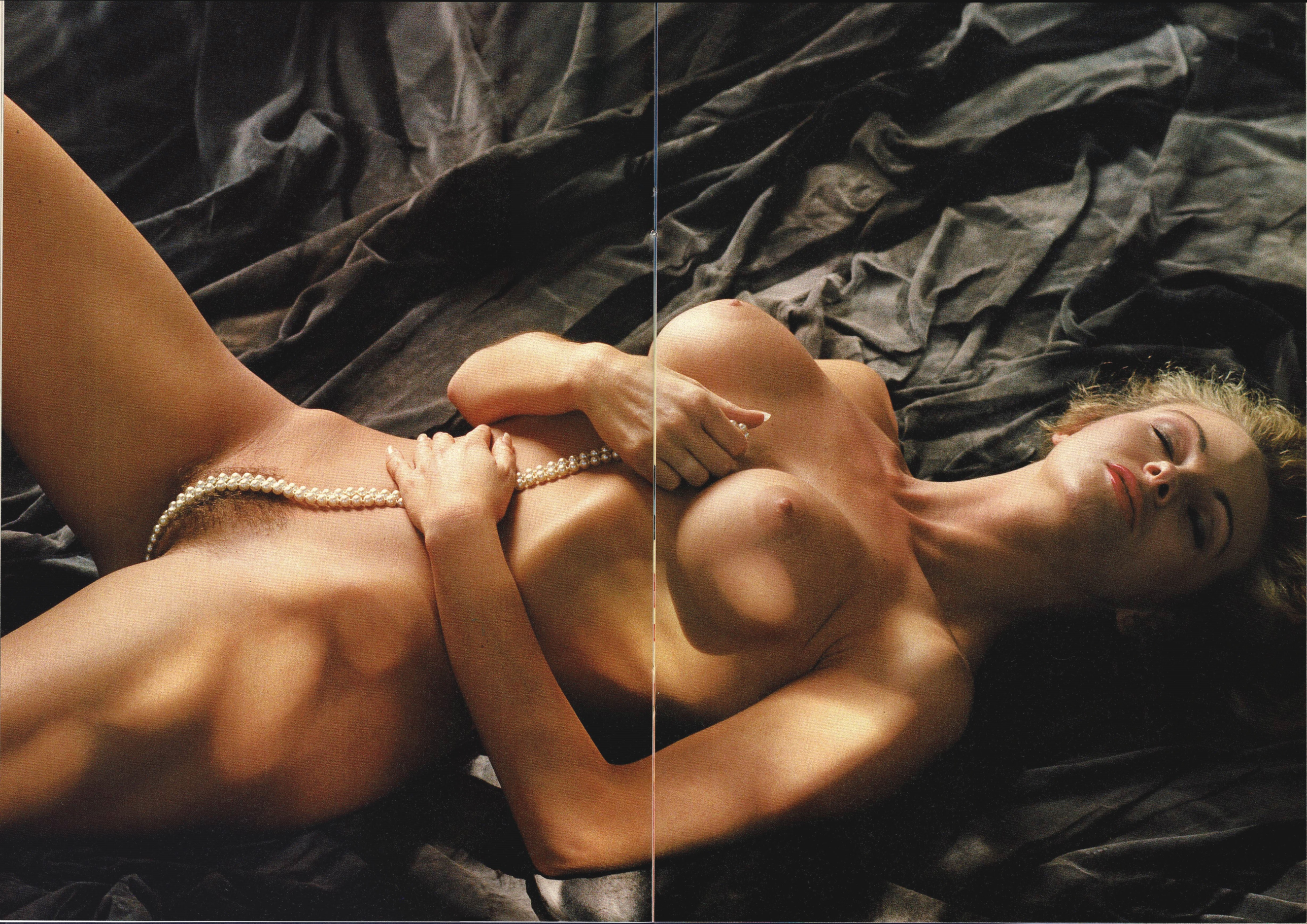
Everybody's talking about the new Aussie film *Strictly Ballroom*. Who knows, it could start a whole new craze for actually touching your partner while you're dancing! (Those of us who remember when we all did it, know it's the sexiest thing you can do in public without being arrested — which can't be bad to revive in these days of safe sex!)

So in the interests of bringing back the good things in life we'd like to introduce you to a girl who's helping it all happen. Leeanne Bampton, our dramatically beautiful Miss August, helped train those dancers in *Strictly Ballroom* — it's what she does for a living when she's not dancing professionally herself. But more importantly she and her partner are poised to go right to the very top in dancing — they just came fifth in the World Ten-Dance Championships held in Holland in November last year, the Olympic Decathlon of the dancing world! Leeanne is right on target to fulfil her ambition to be the number-one ballroom dancer in the world.

It must seem an awfully long way to have come for the little girl born in South Australia who first took up ballroom and Latin-American dancing at the tender age of 11, and who started work as a sales rep for Alitalia. Once it became clear that Leeanne was set for the top in her chosen career, however, she realised her working life must be devoted to what she enjoys most, and consequently she spends at least 30 hours a week teaching other people the skills she herself has honed to perfection.

As these pictures show, Leeanne is also a wonderful advertisement for the other benefits of such a healthy pastime — her body beautiful has long been the envy of everyone who's seen her in action on the ballroom floor. *Playboy* readers get to feast their eyes on Leeanne in full, in a way she's never likely to be seen, dancing in public!

Right now the world's at her dancing feet. Leeanne and her partner of three years came 17th in the world in Britain in May '91 and won the World Masters Professional Rising Star Championships in Brisbane last August. With that fifth in Holland (thank goodness Leeanne loves travel!), who can doubt she's a world-beater?



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS AUGUST
Leeanne Bampton

**NAME**
Leeanne Bampton

**BUST**
91cm (36″)

**WAIST**
61cm (24″)

**HIPS**
86cm (34″)

**HEIGHT**
168cm (5′6″)

**WEIGHT**
52kg

**DATE OF BIRTH**
7/6/64

**SIGN**
Gemini

**TURN-ONS**
Dancing, of course! And fast cars.

**TURN-OFFS**
Big-headed men and uncleanliness.

**FAVOURITE MUSIC**
Enigma, Phil Collins and House music.

**OTHER INTERESTS**
Going to the gym and travelling!

**AMBITIONS**
To be the number-one dancer in the world!

# PARTY JOKES

What do you get when you play New Age music backward? New Age music.

A shopper in the supermarket, irate over the price of meat, pulled a checkout attendant aside and screamed, "You can take this damn T-bone and shove it!"

"I can't do that, ma'am," he said. "I already have a $1.50 head of lettuce up there."

The psychiatrist closed the manila folder and smiled at the patient seated across from him. "I'm happy to say, Mr Blow, that you've made a complete recovery. Aren't you pleased?".

"Pleased? Why should I be pleased?" the patient shot back. "A year ago I was Jesus Christ. Now I'm Joe Blow."

Did you hear about the new language-skills program being designed especially for Poland? It's called Hooked on Consonants.

An Italian, a Jew and an American were each sentenced to five years in prison and given one request. The Italian asked that his wife be allowed to stay with him, so that they could start a family. The Jew asked for all the great books, so that he might study and learn. The American asked for 300 cartons of cigarettes.

At the end of five years, the warden first released the Italian. "I am the happiest man alive," he exclaimed. "I now have five beautiful children. Bless you all."

When the Jew was released, he thanked the warden for his kindness and added, "I am happy and content. I possess great knowledge."

As the American was released, he smiled, sighed, turned to the warden and said, "Anybody got a match?"

*"In this great land of opportunity of ours, you never know if you can get away with anything unless you try."*

*"Free weights, Nautilus, jogging, racquetball. What are you doing instead of sex?"*

A drunk who stuttered badly sidled up to the barmaid and said, "H-h-how 'b-b-bout a fu-fu-fu . . ." and then finally blurted out, "a f-f-few matches?"

The girl had turned red in the face, so the drunk added, "I b-b-bet you thought I was going to ask you for a fu-fu-full box!"

We heard that in Sydney, a man was found dead in a bathtub filled with milk. His mouth was stuffed with a banana. The preliminary police report suggested that it was the work of a cereal killer.

We understand there's a dyslexic rabbi who, when consternated, exclaims, "Yo!"

Around the US Supreme Court, there's a movement afloat to institute the Clarence Thomas 11th Commandment: Thou shalt not show thy rod to thy staff.

Mrs Goldberg lived in a retirement home across the street from her old friend Mrs Rossini. Meeting one day in the park, Mrs Rossini asked Mrs Goldberg how she liked the home. Mrs Goldberg raved. She said the rooms were clean, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. In fact, she said, one of the men she had met was kind of sweet on her. He had dinner with her and took her for walks. If there was a dance, he would be her partner, and, after the dance, they would touch each other and sing sentimental songs.

Mrs Goldberg then asked Mrs Rossini how she liked her home. Mrs Rossini also raved. The rooms were clean, she said, the food good and plentiful and the social activities enjoyable. She, too, had a man interested in her. She said, after their dances, they would touch each other and then, since they didn't know any sentimental songs, they'd fuck.

***Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.***

*"Thank heaven they're finally starting to worry about the greenhouse effect!"*

# THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO TALKING WITH WOMEN

Life in the land of women can be confusing. You meet a girl and think everything's fine. Then one day you realise you are talking to a creature from another species, somebody who makes noises similar to English, but who doesn't really speak your language at all — except when she wants to be absolutely, fully understood. Like when she says "Go to hell".

And so it passes with every man. Eventually, we all come to see that the life span of modern love is calibrated in three-word sound bites that mark, with complete clarity, the beginning, middle and end of any entangling alliance:

- Whatcha doin' Friday?
- I love you.
- Slower, harder, faster.
- Here's the key.
- Please marry me.
- Let's go shopping!
- Honey, I'm pregnant.
- Gimme a beer.
- I need space.
- Gotta work overtime.
- Just a friend.
- I want alimony.

Strange, isn't it, how the really important things in a romance can all be hitched to little word-troikas? Why is this? Because any conversation longer than three words between a man and a woman is subject to wildly different interpretations, conflicts, arguments and meanings. ▶

**Of course there's never any real possibility of mutual understanding across the gender gap. But, insists Denis Boyles, there are still ways in which we can communicate.**

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN

# TALKING WITH WOMEN

## GIRL TALK 101

A knowledge of how women use the language can be terribly handy if you find yourself in one of those modern relationships where you actually have to talk to each other. So let's start with the basics.

### THE HISTORY OF WOMEN AND LANGUAGE

We must speak to them — women, that is — for they are here, among us, and they can't stand to be ignored. But, as we've seen, words are the tools of misunderstanding. To be able to speak with women, we must know their language.

There are two distinct linguistic families from which all modern Western tongues are descended. One is Indo-European. The other is girl-talk. Indo-European gave us Greek, Latin and Esperanto. Girl-talk gave us gossip, Joan Rivers and a bunch of 0055 numbers.

Girl-talk is a difficult tongue to master. Women, philologically, are the Magyars of our species, speaking a language so obscure that not even other women can always be sure of what they're talking about. Hence, "What do you mean by that?" is the reply given by most women to almost anything said to them by almost anyone.

Contrary to propaganda, women are not more sensitive to the feelings of others than men are. Rather, women are more sensitive to their own feelings than men — or other women — are. So every woman will be extremely sensitive about the things that you say to her.

In every instance, no matter which words — if any — she actually speaks in response, the meaning of her language is always the same: "What do you mean by that?"

The exception: "Oh, grow up", which is what women say to men when men don't behave as women wish them to behave.

### HOW TO SAY HELLO TO A WOMAN

Don't: howdy, hiya, hiya; enchante, woo-woo.

Do: hello.

Women like a straight-ahead approach when meeting a man, since their objective is to find out as many salient facts about you as possible — straight or gay, single or married, employed or broke — and half-baked, cliche'd wisecracks delivered with a nervous tremor just get in the way. Men, anxious to unroll the story of their lives, seem to lose their ability to articulate when meeting a woman. Consequently, women talk to themselves while men mince around with banalities. They ask: How do I feel about this guy? Does he make me feel good about myself? Is he the best for me he can possibly be? No matter what a woman is saying to you while she is being introduced, there's a simultaneous conversation going on between her and her feelings.

Men don't do this. Men move their thoughts to their shorts when they meet a woman. Alas, often by the time a man has finally said hello, a woman has already said, goodbye.

And while we're dealing with basics, how about:

### THE TRUTH

In romantic pursuits, as in war, truth is the first casualty. Boy meets girl, boy lies to girl about job, car, money, other girls. Girl lies to boy about job, money, caps and implants.

When the steam runs out of the mad passion that provides locomotive power for the early stages of all romances, it's typically because the truth has reared its ugly head. Once life is seen in terms of mutual problems, you transcend infatuation and enter the orbit of love, where there are only two truths: the truth she tells you and the truth you tell her. Let's start with you.

You are required to tell the truth — the whole truth — in the following circumstances:

- When the answer to her question will influence her ability to believe any of your other answers. Example: "Before you hide that salami, do you love me?"
- When the answer to her question will influence her in making a critical, life-altering decision. Example: "If we have the baby, will you support all of us?"
- When the answer to her question is necessary to help her avoid being a liar herself. Example: "Can you pick my mother up after her neurosurgery because I promised Billy I'd take him to Little Athletics and I'm afraid to let Mum drive the car with her head in a neck brace?"

It may be obvious here that truthful answers piled on top of one another have a way of eventually complicating your life, and soon half-truths may be just the size of truth you need. Ultimately, this will cause you to re-evaluate your concept of what the truth really is. Thus is born a personal philosophy packed with paradox, for the ugly truth about the whole truth is that the whole truth is sometimes a lie. Examples:

- "Were you looking at her?" Partial truth: No, just her shoes. Whole truth:

***You have to be careful with truth. Among the spices of life, truth is red cayenne. A little bit goes a long way.***

Yes. But it was because of factors that have little or nothing to do with her enormous reach of leg or that gauzy strip of flax she was wearing as a top. Maybe it was the fact that she was wearing an eye patch and carrying a parrot on her shoulder.

- "Am I prettier than your old girlfriend?" Partial truth: Are you kidding? She was nuts. Whole truth: Most of the time. But now that you bring her up, there was something extraordinary about the way she looked naked and draped over the back of a sofa, just before the surfeit of pleasure turned her into a raving lunatic who lunged about the apartment with a butcher knife in her hand.
- "Were you flirting with that waitress?" Partial truth: No, no. She was just giving me a hard time. Whole truth: Yes. But only because she impaled the back of my shoulder with her silicone scuds.

The lesson here is that you have to be careful with the truth. Among the spices of life, truth is red cayenne. A little bit goes a long, long way.

### WOMEN AND TRUTH, WITH EXTRA CHEESE

Women see truth as a pizza, and are careful to dish it out a slice at a time.

Normally, a taste of the truth is enough to give you the big picture. Example: You say, "Who called?" She says, "Jim called and asked if we were still dating. I wish he'd leave me alone." There's more truth behind that of course, but you don't need to know what it is, for the slice you've been given is the one with all the good stuff.

Sometimes, you need to eat half the pie before you know what the truth really is. Example: "Who called?" She shrugs and says, "A friend." You say, "May I have another slice, please?"

When she really hates you, she'll throw you into an emotional hammer lock, toss you on the floor and cram truth, cheese and peperoni down your throat. Example: "Who called?" She says, "Jim. He asked if I was still in love, and I said I was bored out of my mind, so he asked



if I'd meet him in the parking lot down at the bowling alley and I said, 'Sure, if you'll bring the Colt .45.' " And then, a rotten anchovy: "I'll be late. See ya." Rule: If you aren't hungry for reality, don't ask for a taste of the truth.

### WOMEN, LIES AND KINDNESS

Men blindly pursue love through the black forest of rejection. Sometimes it seems as though every path leads to the painful realisation that women find your personality loathsome and look at you as though your face were a bloody, running sore.

Some women don't care that men spend much of their time reeling from one rejection to another. You say, "Gee, how about dinner?" and she says, "With your dog, maybe."

But, for the most part, women try to upholster rejection in the deep-pile velour of falsehood. This creates another problem, of course. How do you know what she means when she says what she says?

**RULE 1: If your proposal has more intrinsic merit than her reason for refusing, it's a rejection.**

Explanation: Every girl learns the I-have-to-baby-sit line early in puberty. It's a nice way of just saying no. If you ask a girl to go to Michael Jackson's house to spin some platters and she says she'd like to but she really has to straighten up her apartment, you can figure she's busting more than dust balls.

**RULE 2: Allow for her to have a complicated life.**

Explanation: When girls go to university, they learn to colour their excuses in various shades of complexity, and each shade suggests a different level of rejection. Two extremes: "I have to study" is a more complete rejection than "I have an appointment with a faith healer who works miracles with problem skin". If you propose a movie, and she says she has to study, it's easy to simply ask, "If I ask you to a movie again next Thursday, will you still be studying?" If she says yes, then you're out of there. The faith-healer story is what we call a non-recurring excuse, so you can assume she really is out to have God do her zits and might like to see a movie with you when her blackheads are exorcised.

**RULE 3: The more mature a woman is, the less the likelihood she's telling you a kind lie.**

Explanation: Maturity can be measured in terms of self-assurance. If you ask a 21-year-old out for a drink, you might hear anything in response, and it'll take you a while to figure out what her response means. If you ask a more mature woman, say, a 31-year-old, out for drinks, she'll gauge her thirst — for drinks and companionship — and give you a simple yes or no. There is value in clarity that can pay off if the relationship moves beyond the bar.

**RULE 4: Assume she means what she says — or appears to be saying.**

Explanation: Women are quite capable of eliminating ambiguity without your assistance. If you ask a woman to go to dinner and she says, "No, thanks, I have a boyfriend," there really isn't much room for follow-through. But if she says, "I would love to have dinner with you, but I just can't do it tonight," then you would be quite justified in proposing something else. If a woman's response creates honest ambiguity, then assume that ambiguity was what she had in mind, and deal with it. Or don't.

### WE NEVER TALK

Part of communicating with women is not communicating with women. Most of the time, you can get around it. But when your girl says "We never talk", it's the red flare off the sinking ship of true love.

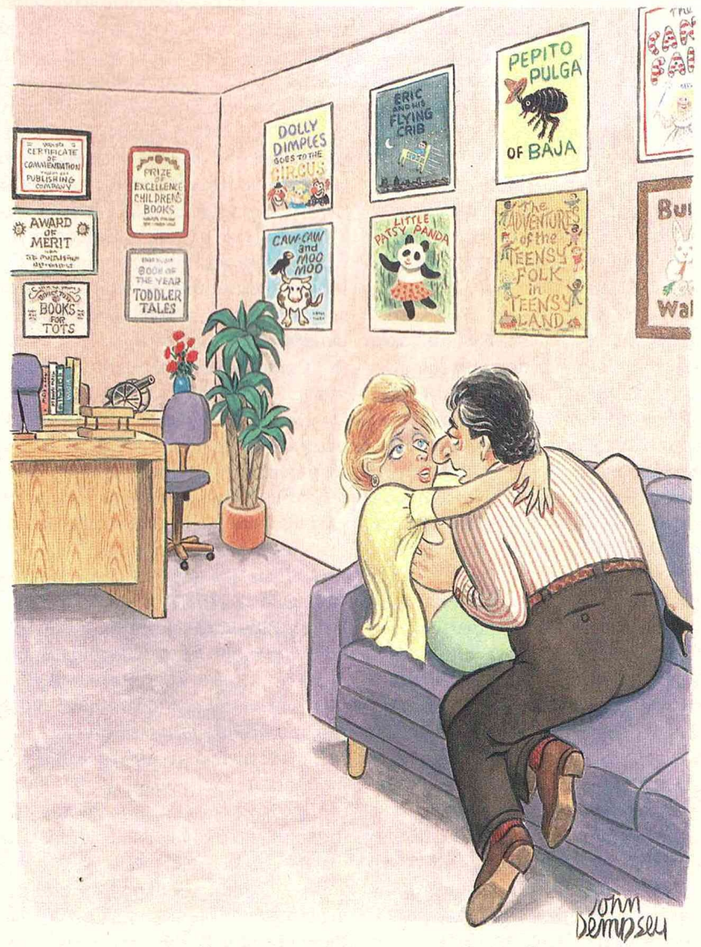
When a woman says those three words, what she doesn't mean is that you never talk. What she does mean is that something is bothering her and you'd better figure out what it is.

Doing this requires a deft manipulation of mood and meaning. It's a well-mined area, however, and one light misstatement can cost you a leg. So before you say anything, make sure you have a map of all the things you should never say.

### THINGS NEVER TO TELL YOUR LOVER

The we-never-talk thing seems like such an alluring invitation to open up that many men actually say what's on their mind. Then they are taken outside into the dark parking lot of romance, where a bullet is put into their heads.

Here's a list of notions that should never be voiced, the things that will put your love-life in a barrel and, in the cur- ▶




*"And I wuv oo, too, tweetheart."*

## TALKING WITH WOMEN

rent of conversation, carry it over a personal Niagara.

This is an extremely arbitrary list, plucked from an almost infinite catalogue of sins, vices, fears, perversions, potty rituals that you should not only never tell anyone, but should probably not even admit to yourself.

What follows, on the other hand, are the things you might actually say, rather than the ones you should try to repress. So, here goes:

- "You know, maybe you'd like working out. Just to loosen up. Really," or any variant on the why-don't-you-lose-a-few-kilos theme. No matter what, never criticise your girlfriend's body. It's completely unnecessary. Women always know exactly what their bodies look like: if she's fat, she knows it. If she's skinny, she knows that. If her arse is flat, she's already spent a lifetime twisting like a living pretzel in front of full-length mirrors. She doesn't require your evaluation of her failings. She already knows what they are.
- "Say, did I ever tell you about the way Naomi used to slap me in the face with her giant melons when she was riding on my magic pony?" This really happens: boy meets girl, boy likes girl, girl moves in and suddenly one day three months into the relationship, boy finds there are two topics he absolutely cannot resist talking about. One is his old cars ("I used to drive an FJ"); the other is his old girlfriends ("When I was at uni I used to bonk a go-go dancer named Cheryl Lamborghini who knew Olivia Newton-John personally"). When men replay this part of their personal history, women roll their eyes and wait for the old 'nothing compares to you' routine. Women don't care. They don't want to know about your ancient case of crabs or your swinging-bachelor past. In fact, the only things women want to know about your old girlfriends is whether or not they gave you herpes simplex — and whether or not you're still seeing any of them. The old girlfriends, that is.
- "Your daddy's poor and your mummy's bad-looking." Don't criticise her family. To men, families are a circumstance. To women, they're a context. When you criticise her family — and, to a lesser extent, her friends — you're questioning her own view of herself. Besides, it'll get back to them pronto and you'll be made to answer for it at some inopportune moment — say around a Christmas dinner table in front of the whole hostile tribe, who are certain, probably with good reason, that you're not good enough for her.
- "Without you, I'm nothing." There are probably better ways to instil in your lover a healthy sense of respect for you than to confess and whine continually about your weaknesses and how much you depend on her. This sort of thing is, of course, gross manipulation, a way of putting a price on any sudden decision on her part to dump you. Naturally, women will be eager to rid themselves of someone with no self-esteem, for here's a simple truth: women hate weaknesses in men. Women want you to be strong, like Dad, so they don't have to be strong for both of you. The sensitive, weepy New Man, born in the '70s, is now rightfully ridiculed, since women quickly noticed that his limp sensitivity quickly turned into yet another way for him to avoid manly responsibilities.

Along those same lines, she doesn't want to hear you say, "My father never told me he loved me."

So? Sue him. Get a life. The statute of limitations for psyche-crimes committed by unfeeling dads ought to expire at the age of majority, after which time women have the right to expect men to assume responsibility for their own misfortune. Women, after all, are already the centre of their own self-absorbed universes; they are adept enough at inventing excuses for their own misbehaviour and neuroses. They aren't apt to be sympathetic to you when you try to milk the same cow — mostly because they're busy being mad at their mothers, and women hate competition.

- "I'm sorry I'm such a jerk." Civility is a swell thing, and good manners are always in style. But make sure your apologies are for genuine transgressions, not for the state of your own, personal, cosmic odiousness. Men who wimp around begging for reassurance often lead lives of a deservedly celibate charm.
- "Why is that guy looking at you? Did you smile at him? You did, didn't you? I knew it! Whore." Jealousy is the outer limit for most women, who, unlike many men, don't see it as a measure of affection, but rather as a demeaning, highly insulting manifestation of insecurity.

Men set themselves up for jealousy far more often than women do, usually by trying to live one fantasy or another. For instance, some guy will tell his lover that maybe a threesome would be exciting, and — hey presto — there's the mail-man in his boxer shorts making a delivery right there in bed with the bloke's wife, who looks up innocently and says, "Gee, Albert, this was a great idea you had."

### WHAT YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR LOVER

Compliment her. Say, "I love your body." As noted above, women are always aware of their physical shortcomings. Alas, the converse does not hold: women do not have a firm grip on their physical attributes. Hence, any discussion about the way your lover looks should always include your comment that you love her body, that you adore it and worship it, that it's what you think about all day and dream about all night, that you think it's so much more than just a way to keep her chin off the floor. Women can't hear this enough.

Amazingly, this doesn't dawn on many men. We seem to take for granted all the swell things they say about us, and then never return the favour. So when she says something like, "I love the way your profile reminds me of a young, golden, boy god," we mumble back something like, "Thanks, honey. I love you, too." Well, "I love you" is good, but for most women under the age of 80, "I love your body" is better.

Be romantic. Say, "Listen to this, darling:

*When you are old and grey and full of sleep,*
*And nodding by the fire, take down this book,*
*And slowly read, and dream of the soft look*
*Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;*
*How many loved your moments of glad grace,*
*And loved your beauty with love false or true,*
*But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,*
*And loved the sorrows of your changing face.*
*And bending down beside the glowing bars,*
*Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled*
*And paced upon the mountains overhead*
*And his face amid a crowd of stars.*"

Reading aloud heart-poems, like this one by William Butler Yeats, is an attractive, gently seductive gesture. Don't think too much about what this particular poem means — it might be a downer or something. But it sounds great recited out loud, especially if you can work in a little crack of emotion after the "pilgrim soul" bit.

Women really do like sensitivity, and especially if they think it's been induced by your romantic entanglement with them. So tell her about your hopes and dreams for the future of the dolphin and about your ozone worries, and how you've never felt like you could talk about it before with anyone else. Confess your fear of bats and how Bach moves you to tears. You tell her these things, and she'll tell her friends how sensitive you are.

Beware: women don't care much for men who express too much sensitivity. They especially despise men who are more sensitive to their own inadequacies, fears and troubles than they are to their lover's. They don't like it when a man confuses sensitivity with confession, and they have a special place in ladies' hell for guys who weep and moan about their insecurities.

Talk like a provider. Say, "I got a raise." Now there's a phrase that's never out of season, one that rings sweet no matter when it's spoken. And if the subject happens to be your pay cheque, bear in mind that while most women aren't mercenary wenches, every woman sees a new dimension of power in a lover who's pulling his own weight. Remember, a man's job is the most attractive thing about him, and his success only adds lustre to his image. Why do men think it's okay to lust after women with giant tits, but horrible for women to lust after men with giant wallets?

Embrace spontaneity. Say, "Let's go away." Lovers often find that the humdrum grind of daily life can quickly suppress the spark that brought them together in the first place. But choose your itinerary with care: a romantic weekend for two in the country will reinforce that us-against-them, two-lovers-alone-in-a-heartless-world theme that helps make your love affair seem so unusual to you. A weekend for two at a business seminar or a regional local government convention won't.

Say something polite. Try, "Thanks very much." Appreciation of small things, evidence of good manners and thoughtful gestures of recognition all help intensify a lover's feeling of worth. A lover, too long taken for granted, will not only go away, she'll go away mad.

Talk dirty. The distinction between vocal and oral sex is a fine one, depending mostly on what you're doing while you're talking. Either way, a good play-by-play man can heighten the general excitement of the match, provided a few rules are observed.

Keep your opening remarks non-specific: "I'm just happy to be here. We're going to give it our best shot. I'm excited just to be a part of this." There are a million ways to say this. Choose one.

As the play unfolds, use your skills at colour commentary to keep the momentum going. Avoid insipid variations on "This is as good as it gets", however, since your lover hopes it will get a lot better than this pretty quick. Don't be afraid of lapses in your commentary, but if you feel silence is dampening the proceedings, try "I love your body", a never-fail line.

In the heat of the action, a little straightforward play-by-play will work wonders. Simply announce, in an urgent but straightforward way, exactly what you're doing to her, along with a scattering of hints about what's coming up next. Use the most direct language you can imagine and eschew euphemisms. Your lover really doesn't want to hear you yell, "It's long, it's long . . . it's straight between the posts!"

Post-game, go from being a grizzly to being a stuffed bear. Let your lover do the talking for a change. Above all, don't ask questions — especially ones that call for her to make an analysis of the plays, since, unlike other ball games, sometimes it isn't over when it's over. Sometimes it isn't even over when the fat lady screams. Remember, you can always play again tomorrow . . . maybe sooner.

### HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN ABOUT SPORTS

Women actually like to hear men talk about sports. (A few women can even talk with men about sports, but they are scarce.) To make sports intelligible to women, however, keep in mind that your interest in a particular sport, say cricket, is somewhat mystifying to your girlfriend, to whom cricket is only a game. So forget about explaining rules and technical procedures. Concentrate instead on the things that make the sport interesting to you — its ability to stand for the important things in life, for example, or its epic quality. For example, if England are playing Australia, talk to her about 1972, when the Aussies tied the Ashes series and signalled the rise of Australian cricket. Talk about the Lord's Test when Bob Massie took 16 wickets — eight in each innings — on debut. Make the contest personal, an extension of an emotional conflict. Make it an oval-shaped soap opera, so you can both work with something you know.

### BODY LANGUAGE

While men sit with their knees apart and talk staring into space, women sit with their legs crossed and play eye-tag all night long. For men, conversation has a thrilling dimension of confrontation. For women, conversation has a reach-out-and-touch-you sincerity, a fullness of feeling most men would like to avoid.

It pays to know what a woman is saying with her body. Touching her hair, touching your arm, thrusting out her chest, staring into your eyes, wagging her feet, walking slightly tiptoed — all these are part of what anthropologists call presenting behaviour. You can tell a woman is attracted to you, for example, if she faces you, arches her body backward, runs her fingers through her hair while groaning softly, tracing the contour of her figure, pausing briefly at her breasts, and then — while her eyes are still half-closed in ecstasy — tells you she's glad to make your acquaintance. (Okay, we've never seen it either.)

The men's version of this is much more subtle, and usually involves characteristics that are only seen on a first meeting: listening intently, long eye-to-eye smoulders, boyish grins.

### HOW NOT TO TALK TO WOMEN

Do not meander. Most women prefer men to make conversation that is brief and to the point, unless, of course, it is about them. Remember that, for many women, biology is politics. Want to start a fight? One little word ought to be enough to do it. As if you needed the help, here's a short list of loaded lingo:

- Mother
- children
- menstrual (or hormone, or period, or PMS, or any of that stuff)
- Mike Tyson
- *Playboy*
- girl
- sex

***Talk dirty. The distinction between vocal and oral sex is a fine one, depending mostly on what you're doing while you're talking.***

# FOR THOSE IN *Peril...*

*adventure by* **Neil Ridgway**

**Our fearless reporter goes down to the sea in Speedos with a crew of the maniacs who race surf-lifesaving boats for kicks.**

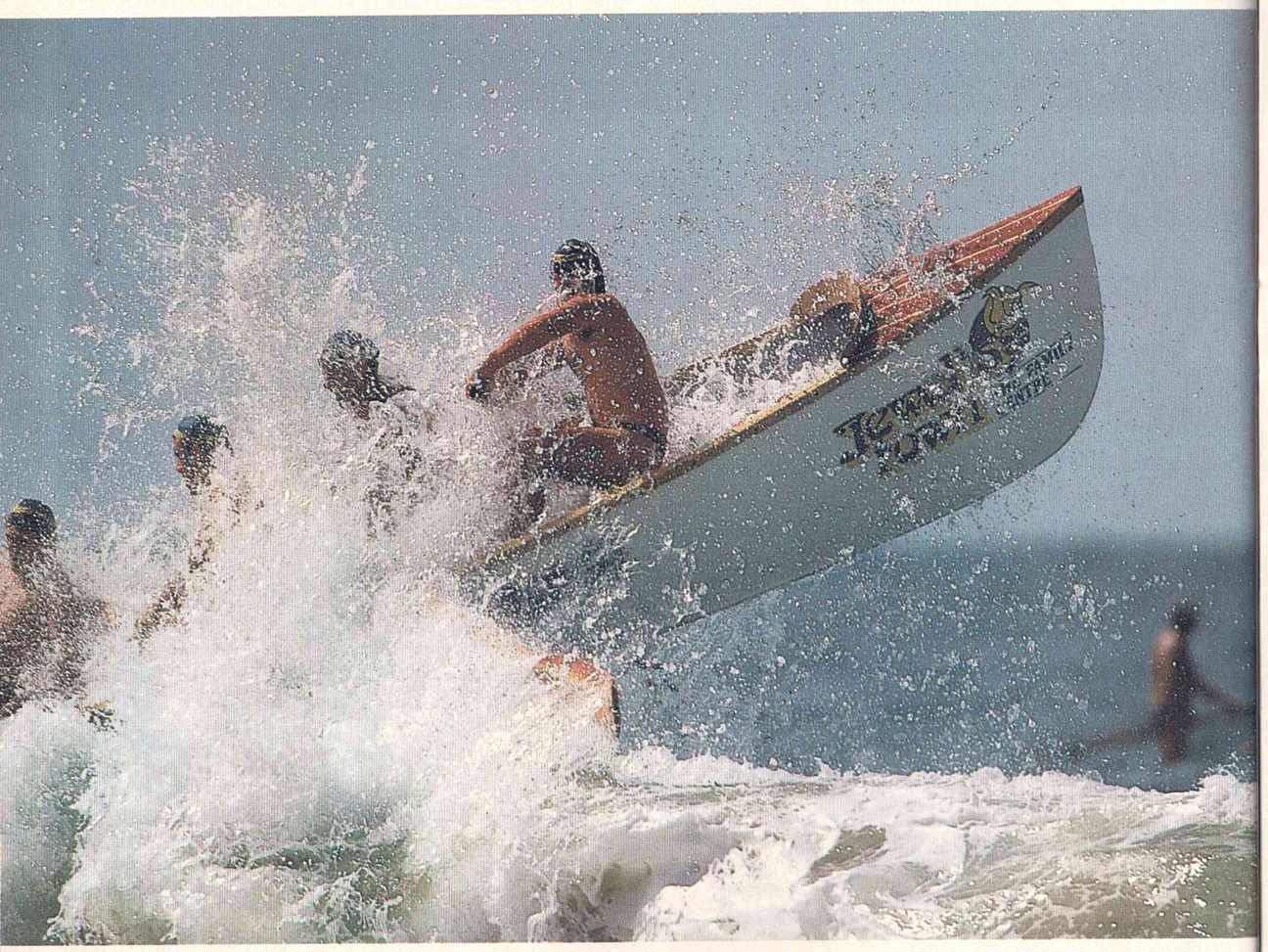
A yarn my old man had spun the previous night tightened its grip on my mind as I headed along the promenade toward Cronulla Surf Club and my first ever row in an Australian surfboat, the long low-rider of the waves.

"We had this sweep [*the guy who controls the boat with a huge rudder-type oar at the stern of the boat*] named 'The Phantom' in my day," he rambled, wiping the froth of a cold one from his lips. "And he got his nickname by pulling this shocking disappearing act in surfboats. Just as we'd be stroking into a solid eight-footer and you could feel the boat starting to run with the speed of the wave and it started sucking off the sandbank, the bastard would give a wave and shout, 'See ya, boys!' and bail over the side. There'd be blokes getting smacked with oars and tossed overboard from this runaway surfboat as if they were rag dolls."

I'm not sure which I found more disturbing: the notion that this could happen to me or the fact that my father actually got back in the boat each weekend with The Phantom! Anyway it promised to be an interesting Saturday morning, and you never know, I figured, they might even let me go sweep.

For thousands of clubbies around the beaches of ▶

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARVIE ALLISON



*Crashing through the waves on the way out, the bowman watches the sweep's eyes for signs of panic — just in case! These waves are reasonably small, it's a bit different in an eight-foot swell . . .*



# FOR THOSE IN

Australia, surfboat racing is a way of life that swallows up more than its fair share of enthusiasm and athletic drive. In lots of cases it becomes everything. "Live, eat and row, that's pretty much the perfect combination," as Cronulla sweep Dave Christlo puts it. Surfboat racing is not just a roll-up-Saturday-weekend-warrior sport, although many of the boys continue to row socially. For the serious specialist boatie the season entails a constant round of weight training, strict diet regimes, aerobic fitness, computer rowing sessions, daily surf rows and, of course, gruelling competition.

There's an old surf club adage that to choose a boat crew the club lines the entire rollcall up against a wall. They then hurl house bricks at them. The blokes who don't duck are in!

As history shows, a roaring ocean carries little respect for some of the great ships which have sailed the seven seas, let alone 28 feet [*eight and a half metres*] of timber and fibreglass, as competitors in this year's NSW championships found.

They were held at Thirroul on the NSW south coast and with a murderous eight to 10 foot [*two and a half to three metre*] surf running. The under-21 crew from the strong boat club of North Cronulla broke from the beach on the starter's gun and headed for what appeared to be a clear run out to the back. "There were no sets coming in," recalls the sweep that day, Steve Swane. "It looked like being a good trip out until we got to the sandbank where the first line of surf was breaking. Then this giant set hit and we were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. We started to push through it, but the wave broke on top of us like a bloody great avalanche and drove us to the bottom. It all happens so quickly out there, you just try to call the boys through and if that doesn't work it's 'oh no' and shut your eyes," he laughs ruefully.

The result? A $14,000 surfboat smashed clean in half by the wave's brutish power and a dazed crew of rowers floating among the debris.

Remarkably, none were seriously injured, testimony to a fair bit of luck and peak physical fitness. The boat, christened the *Harry Brown* last November and bashed to matchsticks in March, has since been completely rebuilt. A six-foot-long piece blown from the side wall on impact and a few bad nightmares serve as reminders of the race for the crew.

"Nobody likes to break a boat," comments a reflective Swane. "I was pretty upset about that." Better the boat than your body though, eh?

When you watch a good crew in action, working as one, a surfboat cuts through the water with knife-like ease. When you throw a rank outsider into the bow seat — that being me — it tends to blunt the blade a little.

***When they instructed me to pull my Speedos up my arse, a look of "What the fuck for?" crossed my face.***

I wasn't really worried as I stood beside the boat in the shore break. The surf was a mere three-foot, I'd rowed the old man's fishing boat plenty, and considered myself more than competent on a surfboard in reasonably big surf. It was when they instructed me to pull my Speedos up my arse that a look of confusion, probably interpreted as an incredulous, "What the fuck for?", crossed my face.

"If you don't pull 'em up you'll burn your backside on the seat as you move in the rowing blocks." For some reason I believed Troy Eadie, my co-rower and definitely a bloke who wouldn't duck a house brick. I splashed some cool salt water up on to the seat for added measure as we pushed off in unison. A quick leap into the bow and we were away.

Let me tell you straight, the histrionics of smooth boat rowing were wasted on me. So were the instructions from Ken at sweep. It takes precision, technique and timing to row effectively. My style appeared to resemble the (D) question in a multiple-choice exam — you know, the one that says "none of the above"!

To say I was bad would be an understatement. I was bloody shocking. Heading out through the break I consistently jammed the end of my oar in the water. This resulted in being pinned on my back at the bottom of the boat as I struggled to get free and back into rhythm. Each time the oar would drive up into my chest and knock me flat. You can forget about rowing the fishing boat. A surfboat oar is around 12 feet [*3.65 metres*] long, with about three feet of "blade" in the water providing drive, and it is decidedly harder to control.

As we "rounded the cans" to head back in, I made a decision to abandon technique and concentrate on keeping time with the bloke in front of me. "They're too bloody heavy to row on your own," came a cry from the "engine room". That made things easier and I managed to only get flattened by the oar once during the return trip. Struth, what would it be like on a day of pounding six-foot surf, I wondered.

Eventually we picked up a small wave and Ken shouted, "Trail oars," a signal to pull them from the water and head for the back of the boat. This keeps the weight aft and prevents the nose driving into the sandbar, flipping the boat over, scattering boaties everywhere.

Even at this small size I could feel the ▶

# FOR THOSE IN

boat's mass pick up speed as it ran with the wave. It must be one hell of an adrenal buzz to drop down an eight-footer.

The surfboat was used in rescue in Australia as far back as 1907, and Cronulla recorded their last major rescue during the big swells of 1975 which wrecked beaches and caused havoc for swimmers up and down the coast. That day they recorded two rescues in what some remembered as 15 foot surf. The club was awarded two silver meritorious awards from the Surf Life Saving Association. There is no higher honour.

In recent times the surfboat has been superseded as a rescue craft by the inflatable inshore rescue boat, or "rubber ducky". The speed provided by the outboard motor and the fact that it only takes two lifesavers to crew the duck put it way ahead on rescue efficiency, although there were a few wryly smiling boaties that Saturday as a driver-less duck spun wildly in circles for close to 10 minutes after its crew was knocked out by a rogue wave!

The surfboat is used as a racing craft

***"I took a breath and just as I did a wave hit and I got dragged under the boat. I was under for a couple of waves until I got out."***

these days, and construction has developed to match technology and performance. No longer made solely of timber, the modern machine is built from a combination of wood, plastics, blown foam-sandwich and fibreglass, making it both stronger and lighter. The boat is also fitted out with top-class rowing fittings and state-of-the-art bilge pumps. The top clubs of the moment (Collaroy, Manly, North Narrabeen, the ever-strong North Cronulla and current Australian champions Kurrawa on Queensland's Gold Coast) run up to eight crews at a time. That's some big dollars in anyone's book. However, with an increase in the profile of the surf-lifesaving movement as a whole, sponsorship dollars are easier to come by in the '90s.

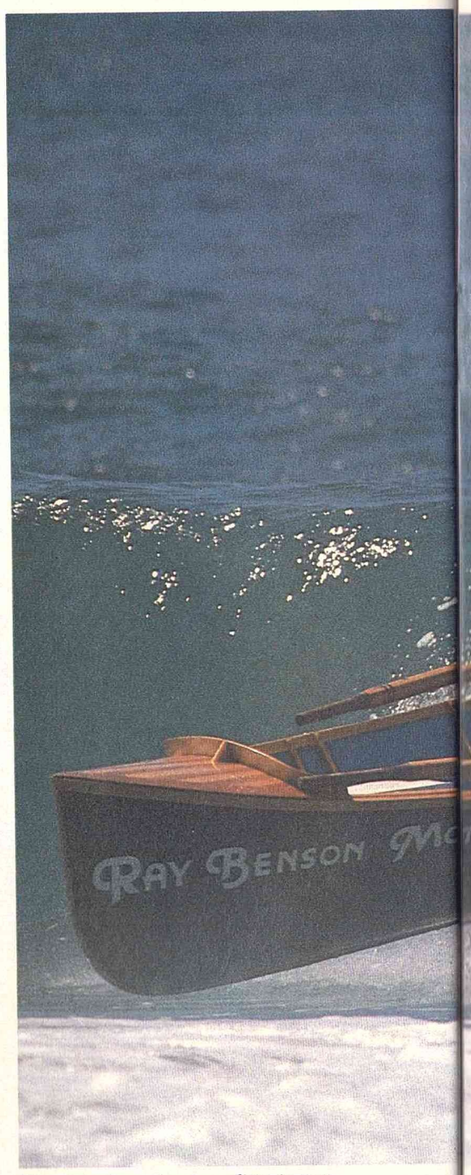
A sure-fire way to shatter discipline occurs when an opposing boat gets so much speed that the sweep can no longer control it and it slews terrifyingly across the path of the others. "That's one thing every boat crew dreads," said Dave Christlo. "Over the years I've seen some horrific accidents where several boats have cracked a wave together, got out of control and crashed into and over themselves. That's when guys get hurt. All you can do is get out and go for the bottom."

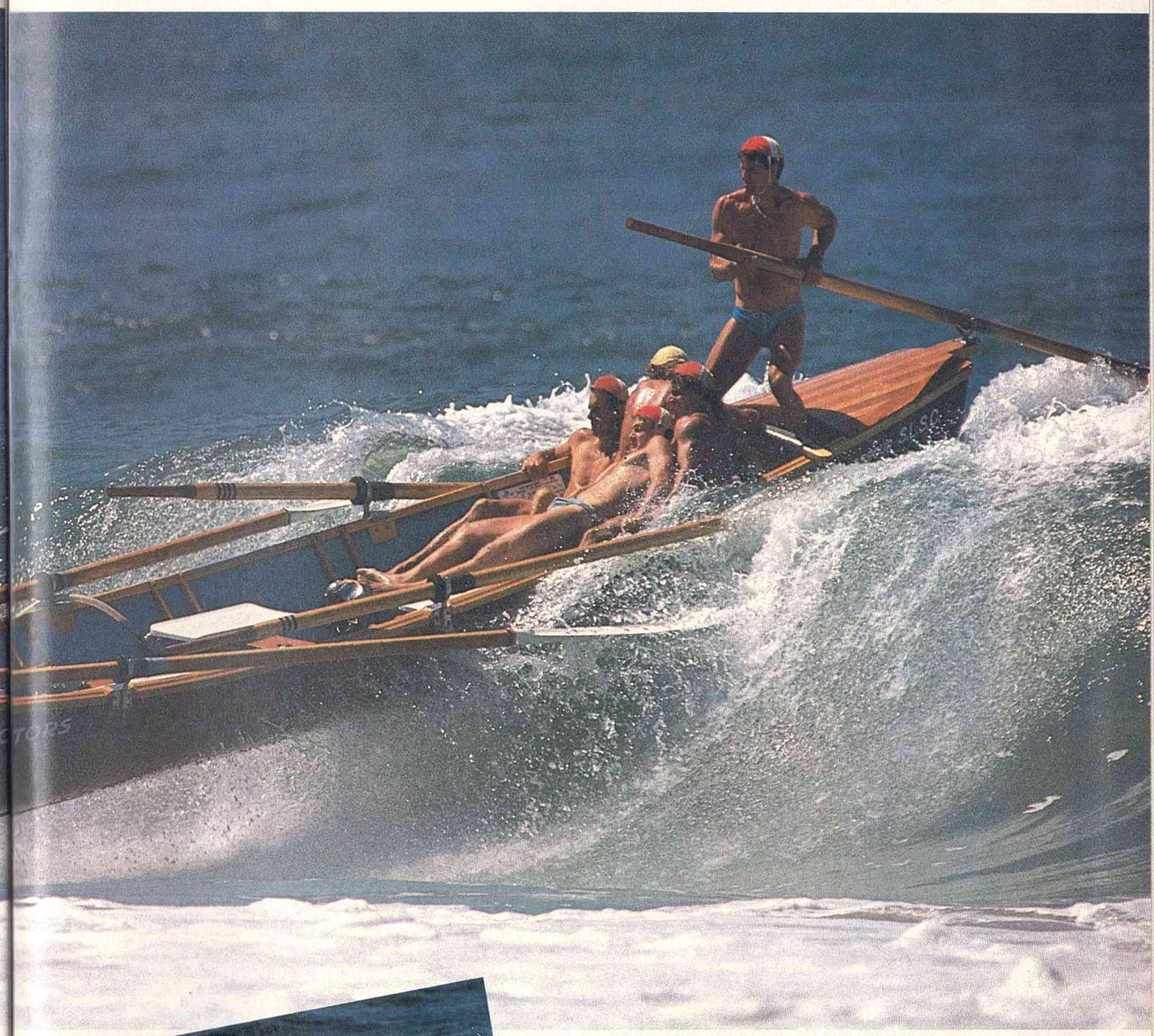
Of everything that can go right or wrong for a boat crew, of all the highs and subsequent lows, the single thing a boatman fears most of all is being caught beneath the hull if it turns turtle. This could leave him trapped inside a watery coffin as the upside-down boat sucks to the ocean floor. Christlo has been there, too. "That situation is one you just don't want. What happened to me was, the boat went end over end and I was flung free. I went down for the sand to wait for the boat to wash away and when I came up for air and broke free of the water I was in an air pocket under the boat! I took a breath and just as I did a wave hit and I got dragged under the boat, caught up in the rowing tackle. I was under there for a couple of waves until I got out. I was fairly glad to see daylight," he says with surprising calm. "I never really thought I wasn't coming up. If you did you'd never race."

One thing which stood out during my day with the Cronulla club was the tradition involved with being a boatie. It seems that once you're in (providing you don't die at the oar!) you're in for life. I struck boaties who had been at it for 10, 14, 17 and even 25 years. Despite the fact that a heavily "bastardised" dues-paying system operates where junior crews must clean, carry and maintain the boats, there is no shortage of newcomers. The junior boatie is inducted slowly to the sport and must perform every shit job you can imagine, and, at times like "The Annual Boaties Convention", survive initiation routines that make the Masonic club look like a kindergarten. Does it put them off? Not a chance. They eat it up.

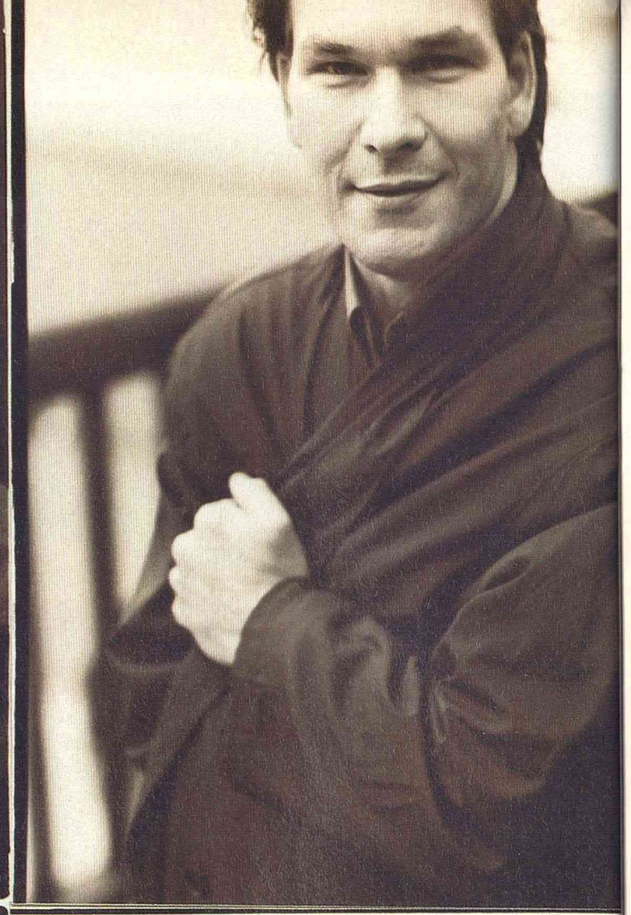
"It's the most physical sport I've ever done," says Brad Green, an 18-year-old junior. "I spew up every time."

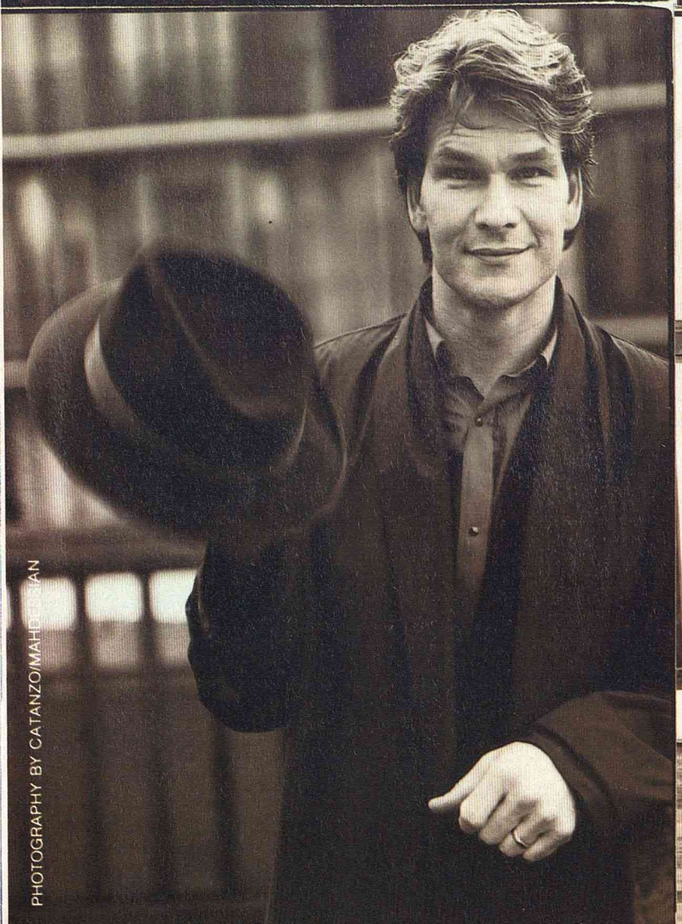




***The art of surfboat surfing is not easily mastered: sometimes you get a screamer . . . sometimes you don't!***





PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATANZO/MAHDESIAN

20 QUESTIONS

# PATRICK SWAYZE

***The man who shook his buns in Dirty Dancing, and surfed and skydived in Point Break, shows us his sensitive side.***

*As the Rolling Stones warned us years ago, you can't always get what you want: Patrick Swayze doesn't fancy being a Hollywood heart-throb, but the women of America have spoken. After leaving the girls breathless in Dirty Dancing and heartbroken in Ghost, Swayze finds himself in a corner. Although he doesn't look it, the baby-faced actor is about to turn 40 and has really had it, thank you, with playing hunks with hearts of gold. To make that crystal-clear, Swayze tackled the role of an alcoholic, disillusioned doctor in his latest film, City Of Joy. Swayze knows he's gambling with his career, and all his chips are on the table.* ***Larry Linderman*** *interviewed Swayze at the five-acre (two hectare) ranch Swayze and his wife, dancer* ***Lisa Niemi****, own just north of Los Angeles. Linderman reports: "This won't come as a surprise: Patrick Swayze is almost overwhelmingly emotional. He laughs, he shouts, and yes, he cries. What surprised me most, however, was the realisation that the guy is a classic overachiever. Swayze has a compulsion to win — and win big — at everything he attempts. So maybe he will indeed show he belongs in the same league with the actors he admires. If he doesn't, it won't be for lack of trying."*

**1.**

**PLAYBOY:** Last summer *People* magazine proclaimed you the sexiest man alive, a title previously bestowed on you by *Us* magazine. How comfortable is it for you to be hunk of the year?

**SWAYZE:** It's good for the career, but it's not good for the head, because if you believe it for one second, you're a dead man. I want to make a mark as an actor. I'd like to think that my career isn't about things like swinging my ass in *Dirty Dancing*. I'm looking for the spiritual. How far can it take me? How far can I go? What are our emotional limits? The further along I've come, the more I've discovered that we have no emotional limits. The biggest thing I've learned is that I have to keep studying, because there are always greater levels of trust to find within the character, within the scene and within myself as an actor.

*Swayze: Dancing Dirty*

Hollywood is the most self-indulgent place on earth, and if you allow yourself to get sucked into that life, you start doing self-indulgent movies — and then, all of a sudden, those movies don't work. Unless the film-maker has some kind of generous quality that brings people in, it's always going to be intellectual masturbation.

**2.**

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you've steered clear of self-indulgent movies?

**SWAYZE:** Well, in the beginning you take what you can get. If a character allows you to shine, you do it. My first movie was *Skatetown, USA*, and I saw it as an opportunity to get my foot in the door. The movie was destroyed by critics — no surprise there — but **Kevin Thomas** of the *LA Times* went crazy about me in his review.

He started it off by writing — and I've never forgotten it — "Not since **Valentino** danced his tango in *The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse* has there been such a confident display of male sexuality.

"Patrick Swayze sizzles."

**3.**

**PLAYBOY:** You grew up in Houston. What advantages and burdens come with being a Texan?

**SWAYZE:** I spent so many years being competitive that I hate it now. I don't watch gladiator sports like football any more and I'm no longer into "kill the other guy". I got out of that part of the Texas mentality.

In my youth I was filled with a self-deprecating rage. From kindergarten until after I started high school, I was always being teased by other kids about being different. My father was a gentle cowboy from a small town in the Panhandle who fell in love with an intensely talented big-city girl from Houston. My mother was a choreographer — still is — who had her own ballet company. **Patsy Swayze** was the major-domo of dance and theatre in Houston. She was the lady you called if you wanted to put on a show. Mom was a major, major force in the city's artistic life.

**4.**

**PLAYBOY:** When you were being teased about being different, was it because of what your mother did?

**SWAYZE:** No, it was about what I did, which was dancing and playing the violin. There were always groups of kids whispering about me in a way that ate my ▶

# PATRICK SWAYZE

insides alive. The peer pressure was strange and that's largely where the early rage came from, trying to figure out who I was. When I got to junior high, some of the older guys started calling me out: "Whaddya got in your bag, Swayze? You got your ballet shoes in there? Is that a tiny guitar you're carrying, or is that a violin? Girls play the violin." I probably averaged a fight a week.

They didn't understand how much anger was running through my system, and they definitely didn't know I'd been getting training in the martial arts. My mother's performing-arts school was in a building that also housed a martial-arts academy, and Mom worked out a deal: in return for all the martial-arts students studying ballet with her for flexibility and control, her students could study martial arts. I started there with judo, and after that I studied many different disciplines — aikido, tae kwon do, shotokon, ichanru, kenpo and kung-fu. The purpose wasn't to learn how to kick people's faces in, though I got very good at it. Many times I would hit that beautiful, blissful place of connecting with my ky — my centre — at the expense of someone else's well-being. Everything seemed to be in slow motion when I was fighting, and it became effortless for me to tear a guy apart and watch his face distort as I split his lip open and broke his nose. Eventually that took the chip off my shoulder because I hated doing that to another human being. Mind you, it's a lesson I had to learn quite a few times before I said, "Enough. I will never mess up another guy's face unless my survival is at stake and I have no other choice. It's wrong."

**5.**

**PLAYBOY:** Ever send anyone to the hospital?
**SWAYZE:** Yes, but I don't want to talk about it. If people think I'm tough, it could create problems in my life again, and I've enjoyed getting away from that.

**6.**

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to enjoy that rare commodity, a successful Hollywood marriage. How did you and your wife, Lisa, meet?
**SWAYZE:** We met when I was assistant manager at the Galleria ice rink in Houston. I'd see her hanging out, smoking cigarettes, leaning against a pole and always alone. She usually wore bell-bottom jeans and looked kind of schleppy, but every time we talked I got more intelligence from her than from any woman I'd ever been involved with. I was 20, Lisa was 15!

She was the first female I could really confide in. Lisa wasn't one of those girls hanging on your ear going [*in a high voice*], "Oh, Patrick!" I hated that and Lisa wasn't like that; she was shy and mysterious. When she discovered dancing, she probably saved her life by finding a place to put all the sensitivity that was imploding inside her. My mother wasn't too thrilled about me seeing her because Lisa was her prodigy and Mom didn't want me to mess her up.

**7.**

**PLAYBOY:** After making four movies back to back — *The Outsiders*, *Uncommon Valor*, *Grandview USA* and *Red Dawn* — did you feel you were on the verge of becoming a star?
**SWAYZE:** What I mostly felt was burned out. That's the reason I went back to acting classes. I'd been jamming for two years with no rest and I was fried. I hadn't realised the movie business could be as hard as it is. I always look for passion in my work, but after working so hard, passion just went out the window. I was too tired to do it any more.

Something else, too: I felt I wasn't good enough. The work was coming easy but I wasn't winning any Academy Awards. It was time to move up to the next level: I wanted to work with the **De Niros**, the **Harrison Fords**, the **Dustin Hoffmans** and directors like **Martin Scorsese**.

Then I started working on *North And South*, a 24 hour TV mini-series. A lot of people told me I was crazy to go back and do television and that it would hurt my movie career. But the scope of this Civil War epic and the money that was going to be spent on it convinced me to do otherwise. And I was right: *North And South* made me a household name.

**8.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did the glare of publicity become a little too bright for you?
**SWAYZE:** I realised I couldn't hide out, because then I'd never get the kind of movies I wanted to do. That was my first step in accepting fame as a way of life. I felt that I'd done enough movies and had paid my dues. It was time to make a big splash. My choices were limited and at that point I didn't want to look like a flash in the pan. I wanted to take the world by storm. So I brought dancing back into my life. Once again, I wound up going against the advice of everyone I knew: I did *Dirty Dancing*.

**9.**

**PLAYBOY:** What were their objections?
**SWAYZE:** They thought it would be a fluffy little movie. When I read the screenplay, I saw how it could affect people's hearts, even though it was fluffy. The script validated some special things for me and I really liked the Johnny Castle character. In many ways he was me growing up. Johnny was a trendsetter. But he was down on himself because he'd become a piece of meat who rich women paid to get into his pants. He was turning into a male prostitute.

Eventually, because of his relationship with the girl, he gains the courage to have a sense of self-worth and to perform the kind of dancing that he'd done only in basements. All the elements were there for a terrific character and a terrific movie.

**10.**

**PLAYBOY:** When *Dirty Dancing* opened, did you suspect you'd become one of the hottest box-office attractions in America and the world?
**SWAYZE:** Not really. I was disappointed that someone on TV would say, "And after this commercial break, we'll see how Patrick Swayze bumps and grinds his way into movie history." For a while, that stuff wanted to drive me into a beer bottle. Don't underestimate the effect that fame can have on you. If you don't have a strong sense of self-esteem, it can send you into a tailspin. You feel you've somehow pulled off an enormous hoax and that your whole life is a lie. All the hype wound up making me cynical and I turned into a not-very-pretty drunk. I'd get a six-pack of beer and go up on Mulholland Drive almost every night to race the guys there. Lisa would want to talk to me and try to help me sort out this stuff, but if it sounded at all like criticism, I'd slam the door and take off — whether it was on my motorcycle or in my car. That was my Crazy Swayze phase.

**11.**

**PLAYBOY:** Were you doing anything else destructive?
**SWAYZE:** Like drugs? Yeah. Cocaine put me into a living hell. I'd lock myself into a room because I couldn't be with people.

Everybody else would do their coke and have a good time; I couldn't do it. This lasted maybe six months, spread out over a few years. I did it mostly when I was on location. But coke and speed and downers didn't work for me — I hated to be out of control and unable to put words together. I would allow myself to be physically destructive only up to a



point. I didn't put in all those years to build a career and then destroy it with something stupid. If I was going to destroy it, I wanted to go up in flames, in a way that would make the papers, like: SWAYZE DIES IN CAR CRASH.

**12.**

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you so ambivalent about becoming a star?
**SWAYZE:** When you fear that maybe you're not good enough to achieve what you want to achieve, but you go ahead and try anyway, that's great. Still, if you win, you have to put it in its proper place: you won because of your belief in yourself and not because you were better than everybody else. When I got straight on that, I became a lot more comfortable with my life.

**13.**

**PLAYBOY:** And with your career, as well? Didn't you follow up *Dancing* with two critical and box-office flops — *Road House* and *Next Of Kin*?
**SWAYZE:** Everybody expected *Road House* to go through the roof and it didn't, but it definitely made its money back and earned a profit. I walked away from *Road House* and *Next Of Kin* screaming for something that would cause people to walk out of theatres feeling wonderful about their lives. I needed to walk out of a role feeling wonderful about *my* life. Then my wife and my agent showed me the script for *Ghost*, and when I read it it brought tears to my eyes in a big way.

**14.**

**PLAYBOY:** We heard that when director **Jerry Zucker** learned you wanted in on *Ghost*, he said, "Over my dead body." Why do you suppose he felt that way?
**SWAYZE:** [*Laughs*] He saw *Road House*.

**15.**

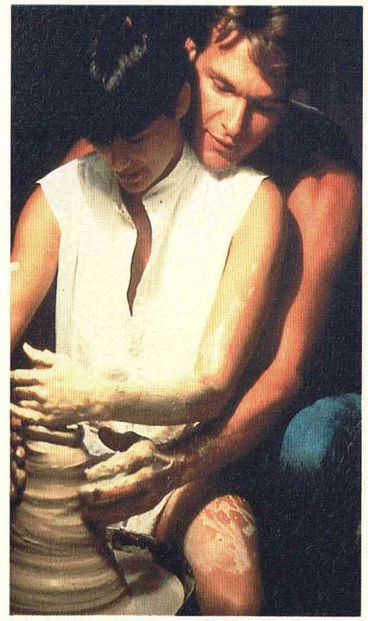
**PLAYBOY:** So how did you get him to change his mind?
**SWAYZE:** I called Jerry and said, "Just give me a chance. I'll come in and I'll read for you. I'll do the whole script right in your office. The only thing I won't do is screen-test for it." He asked why not. I said, "Because my work means too much to me to put a 50 per cent version of it down on film for you to show to somebody."

**16.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any say about **Whoopi Goldberg**'s being cast in *Ghost*?
**SWAYZE:** No, but once I was in I fought for her. They were talking about **Tina Turner** and **Oprah Winfrey** and others, but I wanted to work with Whoopi because she was perfect for the part. Jerry and I flew to Alabama, where she was shooting *The Long Walk Home*, to talk to her about it. Whoopi and I had an incredible rapport during that visit — we traded crystals — and, after I left, I called her just to let her know that over my dead body would anybody else do that role.

**17.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did you think that *Ghost* would become one of the biggest sleeper hits in Hollywood history?
**SWAYZE:** I thought it could do well, but



***Ghost: Foreplay with Demi Moore***

to gross $US500 million — that was unheard of. *Ghost* was many different kinds of movies rolled up into one. It was a thriller, a suspense film, a romantic comedy, a buddy movie about a ghost and a clairvoyant, and maybe even a science-fiction movie, given all the special effects.

By the time I got to *Ghost*, stardom didn't scare me any more. The biggest change for me was that it drastically upgraded the quality of scripts that were sent to me. *Ghost* put me in serious contention for all the major films that were about to be made. I was finally on the A-list.

**18.**

**PLAYBOY:** If that's true, then why did you next play a small role as a bank robber in *Point Break*?
**SWAYZE:** To be honest, it gave me a chance to become a licensed skydiver and to fall off some of the biggest waves in the world. I had a great time doing that movie. For years I'd been dying to do something like an *Elephant Man*, a character that wouldn't be dependent on my physicality, but only on my skill as an actor. The role of Bodhi — a surfer guru with scars and long hair and skin ruined by the sun — took me closer to that point. I did keep asking myself, "What are people gonna think when they see me in a supporting role as a bad guy? I may take some heat for this." It turned out to be an accidentally smart choice for me. I got a lot of feedback from people who really liked the Bodhi character.

**19.**

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from getting on the A-list, how did *Ghost* change your status in Hollywood?
**SWAYZE:** Word went out that Patrick Swayze can open a movie and that people want to see his movies — or so the studios thought. I was in the place I'd always dreamed about, but I was also in the same place I'd always been in, trying to find something worth a hill of beans to do. For months, I read at least 10 scripts a week and I got very frustrated. And then the screenplay for *City Of Joy* came along and it was a film I had to do.

Shooting this movie was possibly the saddest five months of my life. What I found doesn't compute with the Western mind. How can these people lead lives so consumed with such terrible poverty that they sell parts of their bodies in order to feed their families? It just doesn't make sense how they can have such beautiful smiles and be willing to share their last bowl of rice with you. Director **Roland Joffe** came to India to show the dignity, beauty and power of its people. I think *City Of Joy* is going to change a lot of people's lives. It certainly changed mine.

**20.**

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you've wanted to be a combination of **Brando**, **Dean** and De Niro, but recently you added **Spencer Tracy**. Any more people on that list?
**SWAYZE:** I've always said Brando, De Niro, Dean and Spencer Tracy; I've also said **John Gielgud** and **Laurence Olivier**. I don't mean to be presumptuous or to put myself in that category by any means, but that's my desire. I create impossible dreams for myself and I figure if I get halfway there, I've come a long way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN MIDI

# That Redhead from Seattle

***Nikki's a girl who'll dance her way into your heart — and all points south!***

*What is it about the city of Seattle that produces such striking redheads? There was even a movie called <u>Those Redheads From Seattle</u>, long enough ago to star old-time popster Guy Mitchell and that flame-haired Hollywood siren, Rhonda Fleming.*

*We don't know the answer either, but nevertheless we'd like you to meet our girl Nikki, who proudly hails from that fair city in the state of Washington, USA, and who is firmly in the redhead tradition, even if she wasn't even born when the movie was made! She's 19 years old, 36-24-36 (which, on the evidence of our eyes, we'd have guessed if you'd asked us to) and works as an exotic dancer across the States, spreading the gospel of the Redheads from Seattle wherever she goes.*

*And yet, insists our man John Midi, who shot this eye-opening pictorial, "except for her profession she comes across as a sweet, naive, country girl."*

*Sounds just like our type of girl!*

**Young, tough and possessing skills beyond their tender years, they're the new kids of the AFL and, as James Weston insists, you'll be hearing a lot more of them.**

# MAKING ~~their~~ MARK!

They were big shoes to fill. Gargantuan, in fact, if you're talking goal kicking, and legends, and Australian rules football. But **Paul Hudson** seemed unfazed when he first arrived in Melbourne. After all, he had been living in that shadow for all of his 19 years, and even the ever-present spectre of his father **Peter**, perhaps the finest full-forward who ever lived, didn't appear to overwhelm the Hobart recruit with the mop of blond hair, the ready smile and the still slightly shy look of an interstater trying to find his way in the big time. Hudson junior has never tried to live up to the impossible standards his father set in the late 1960s and '70s. He has simply played football, and succeeded, slipping comfortably into the Hawks' way of success but never, ever, trying to slip into those shoes.

Two years later, the out-of-towner is the toast of the town.

**Wayne Carey** is 20. Absurdly talented, superbly constructed. But 20. When you line up at centre half-forward, much is expected, and so it is for Carey, currently holding down that position — many label it the toughest on the ground — for North Melbourne. There was no settling-in period allowed for. Simply go out and dominate, son.

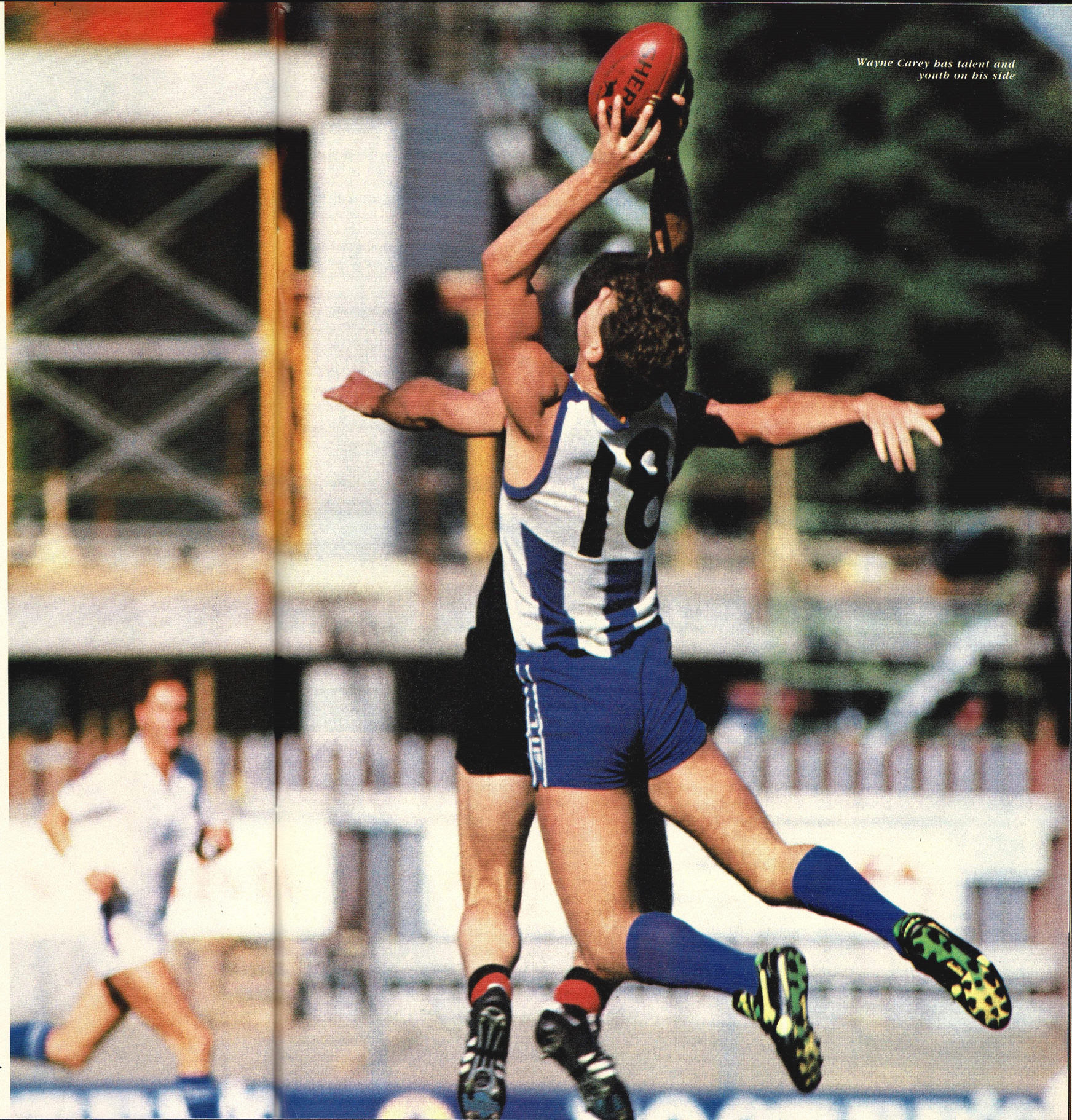
Such instructions are rarely issued, but a number of faces in the AFL have taken it as their cause. New faces, some more familiar than others, yet they share a common trait: they are the next breed of footballer to shine through the mist, and the rest of the '90s belongs to them.

Hudson and Carey are two members of that class. As the gloss of the past begins to fade, and mortality strikes hard at the heart of the one-time stars, it has cleared a way for this new breed; football's already established youth is preparing to take the game over.

Another is **Guy McKenna**, a defender from West Coast. You know the saying . . . look up "poise" in the dictionary, etc. **Stewart Loewe**: His hands are every bit as sizable as the reputation Hudson senior (now the manager of football operations at Loewe's club, St Kilda) left as a legacy for his son.

And watch **Garry Hocking**. Okay, so this is cheating. We know Hocking can play, but he's still only 24. The '90s? All his.

**Chris Grant**: Now here's one. Footscray, his club, and Grant seem to conflict. The western suburbs are all about working class, about grind, about, well, the western suburbs. And here is Grant, all class. Blue ribbon. He is 19. ▶



*Wayne Carey has talent and youth on his side*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SPORT — THE LIBRARY

# MARK!

**Tony Francis**, the South Australian wingfoot rover: One season in football, one premiership, *and* he plays for Collingwood. Hero worship is his, as is the decade to come, and team-mate **Paul Williams** is strongly considered to be capable of making a similar impact.

A smoky — **Rod Jameson**. When Adelaide entered the competition, full-forward **Scott Hodges** was the talk of the goalsquare: "Our Scott will kick 120 this year," Crows fans bleated. Actually, sheep bleat, but the fans followed that lead like merinos. The Crows' leading goalkicker? Yep, Jammo. They've started it already: "Our Rod will . . . "

And a final enshrinee, Hawthorn's **Stephen Lawrence**. He emerged late last season, and now looks set to ride on the new wave of ruckmen infiltrating the game. The dinosaurs are slowly becoming dodos, and Lawrence typifies the brand of footballer set to dominate ruck play in the modern game.

You can keep the Brownlow Medal. A winner of the early 1980s was rapidly brought back to earth by his own coach's words just minutes later: "The Brownlow's fine, but it's when you win your club best and fairest that you've made it as a player."

Notably, all but Lawrence, second-year Tasmanian Williams and Grant have won their club's highest playing honour, while McKenna, Francis, Loewe and Hocking were All-Australian selections last season.

"Tony Francis is only going from strength to strength. He'll be the best rover in the competition — that is, if he isn't already that good — for a lot of years."

Words from **Gerard Healy**, a Brownlow Medallist and, notably, a four-time club best and fairest winner at Melbourne (once) and Sydney (three times). Healy is now a commentator for Channel Seven, and is widely considered one of football's better judges, both of the game and its players.

It's Francis, Hocking and Loewe, he says, who are the stand-outs. "Of course there are factors like injury which can hold people back, but these guys are dominant now at a relatively early age. There's nothing to suggest that won't continue," he says.

"Look at Loewe. He dominates the competition. I wouldn't be surprised if he comes through to be the linchpin for St Kilda in front of (full-forward) **Tony Lockett** . . . that's how important he is to this side now, and he'll improve. He is no way near his prime. It's frightening how good he could be."

It was Healy who pushed for Lawrence's inclusion in the group. In the 1991 grand final triumph over West Coast, the then-21-year-old concluded a sparkling season to figure strongly in his side's best, his influence underlining the changing face of ruckwork.

"He's just blessed with talent and mobility," Healy assesses. "When I was with Sydney we were pushing (coach) **Tom Hafey** to go with **Glenn Coleman** in that role of a running, mobile ruckman, but Tommy wanted to stay with **John Ironmonger** to try to win the ball at the middle.

"I'm amazed it has taken this long for the idea to sink through. The whole ruck scene is changing, and Lawrence is the player who I think will be dominant when he's, say, 27." (Lawrence turned 23 in April.)

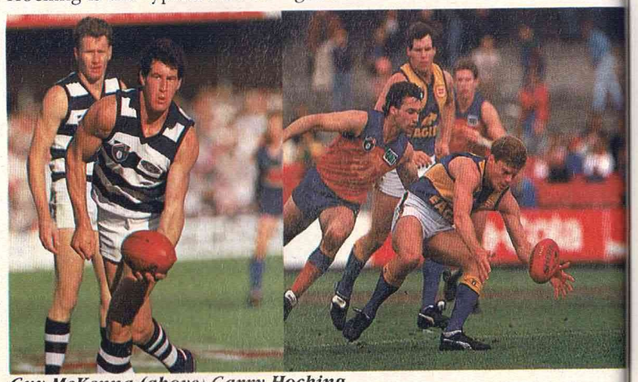
The 200cm Hawk's teammate, Hudson, is yet to prove his greatness, although he exhibits a remarkable ability to read the ball and find the goals. Definitions of the word "champion" vary (although most agree it's a term too commonly applied); however a sound guide is that a player performs at a high degree, under pressure and, most importantly, consistently.

Consistency: That's the stumbling block the likes of Hudson, Carey and Grant must overcome as the attention and expectations on their output increases.

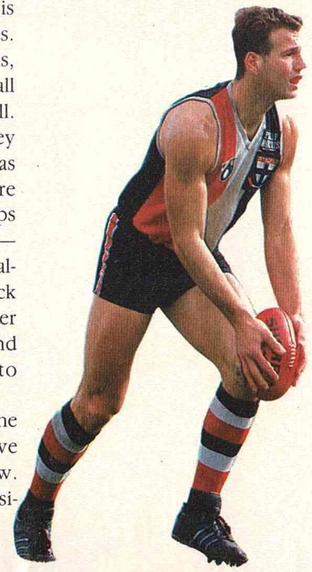
Last season, his second, Hudson attracted perhaps the opposition's second or third-best defender. Through his emergence, he can now expect equal billing with the calibre of player of team-mate **Jason Dunstall**.

As for Carey, he must take the extra step from being a promising talent. "He has to start taking over games," notes Healy.

"Someone like Williams — he has terrific evasive skills, like a **Maurice Rioli**, only five times quicker — that's the sort of player that will come through. He can run all day, is strong, and hard at the ball. Hocking is the typical sort of player I'm talking about. He is exceptional," Healy enthuses.



*Guy McKenna (above), Garry Hocking (above right) and Stewart Loewe (right)*



As effective as Jameson is, Healy believes his best football would be played on the ball. Indeed, the Crows' lack of key forwards — Hodges, it was recently noted, drops more balls than the Australian slips cordon in the summer past — has forced Jameson to the goalsquare. If the situation in attack changes, expect a shift further afield for the 22-year-old, and an outstanding talent to prosper on the ball.

As in the case of Hudson, the aforementioned all receive their share of coverage now. You can slip under an opposition's guard once, and maybe twice, but the book will be written by the second season. Hence, the well-documented second-year blues.

That, says Healy, is one of the biggest challenges facing the prolific talent held by football's new breed. Such is the exposure on the stand-out players, they will have to overcome scrutiny from all angles.

"That's another part about being a champion, overcoming the attention and the tagging from the opposition. Not many players can do that over a period of years," he reflects, perhaps an insight into his own influence on the game and the ability of the man he says does that better than any — former Sydney team-mate-turned-Blue **Greg Williams**.

"If these guys get that sort of attention they'll find it difficult. But if they're half as good . . . "





# RUGBY UNION

**Australia's World Cup victory has rugby at a high, but a look at the statistics reveals some interesting anomalies, as Chuck Smeeton discovers.**

A funny thing happened in England back in November last year: rugby union found popularity. Or, perhaps more to the point, the Wallabies received popular acclaim not seen since the glory days of the Grand Slam in 1984. Okay, so there has always been a strong following for the code throughout the world, but in Australia it's been small potatoes. When a sport is playing *third* fiddle to rugby league and Aussie rules, it's position is not that strong.

The World Cup victory by the Wallabies — and, in fact, their play throughout the whole tournament — brought a new respect to the code. Everyone — from the diehard, rah-rah *aficionado* to the first-time viewer — sang the praises of Australia's glorious victory and the superb football they played to triumph over those evil forces of boring rugby, the Poms.

In the days following the World Cup success, England's *Sunday Observer* newspaper published an extensive wrap-up of the tournament. There were the normal match reports, reflections by England players (including some cynical attacks on **David Campese** by certain players), and tucked away in one corner of the page a box of statistics. Innocuous enough to be overlooked, but a study of these figures revealed that not all was what it seemed.

As you can see from the accompanying table of figures, there are some interesting points. For example, Australia, despite the overall victory, had the least scrum put-ins in the opposition's half, had the worst line-out success on their own throw, had the least second phase possession and had the fewest forward drives! These are the areas of play that teams normally rely on as a base for victory. It's quite amazing to think that the Aussies had such a weak foundation to their attacking play.

On the other hand, England, who were critically attacked for their lack of imagination, had the most scrum put-ins in the opposition half, were the most dominant line-out side, and rated highly in forward drives and total possession.

For England to reach the final, it could be argued, the end justified the means. The discovery appeared to have been made that you don't have to be more skilful than your opponents to attain success — something English soccer players worked out years ago!

Of course using statistics to back up an argument is loaded with problems, although the bottom line is that victory in the World Cup went to the team that scored the most tries and limited the opposition to the fewest tries. Simple.

The other aspect of the game that these statistics ignore is defence. It doesn't matter how much possession the opposition have, as long as you stop them before they do anything with it. There's no doubt Australia's superb defence was a crucial part of the World Cup-winning formula.

These stats, then, represent the first course in some interesting food for thought about just how rugby success is obtained.

Now we have a new consideration: the amendment to rules by the International Rugby Board back in April. As games hadn't been played under the new set-up at the time of writing, it's not really possible to make much of a comment. It can only be hoped that they have the desired effect of making the game a better spectacle. As journalist **Greg Growden** wrote in *The Syd-Sydney Morning Herald* earlier this year, "Internationally, rugby's greatest challenge is to brighten a game too often punctuated by unnecessary and tedious halts in play." It looks like his prayers could be answered, although the "scrum after maul" law looks open for abuse.

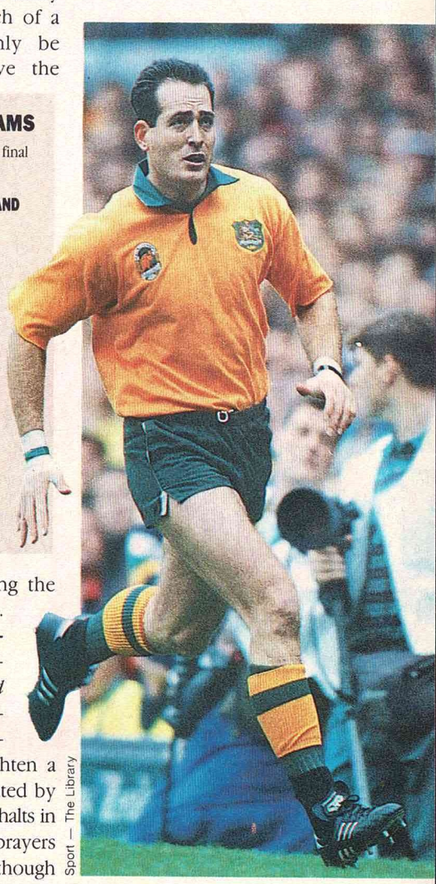
It will be interesting to see the reaction from the rest of the rugby world to Australia's win in this and the next couple of seasons. The All Blacks appeared to be taking the lead in their centenary series against the World XV, but the most interesting time will come in Australia's series against South Africa in August. *Then* we might be more informed on what direction rugby will take.

**KEY COMPARISONS BETWEEN THE TOP FOUR TEAMS**

Figures based on quarterfinals, semifinals, third/fourth place play-off and final

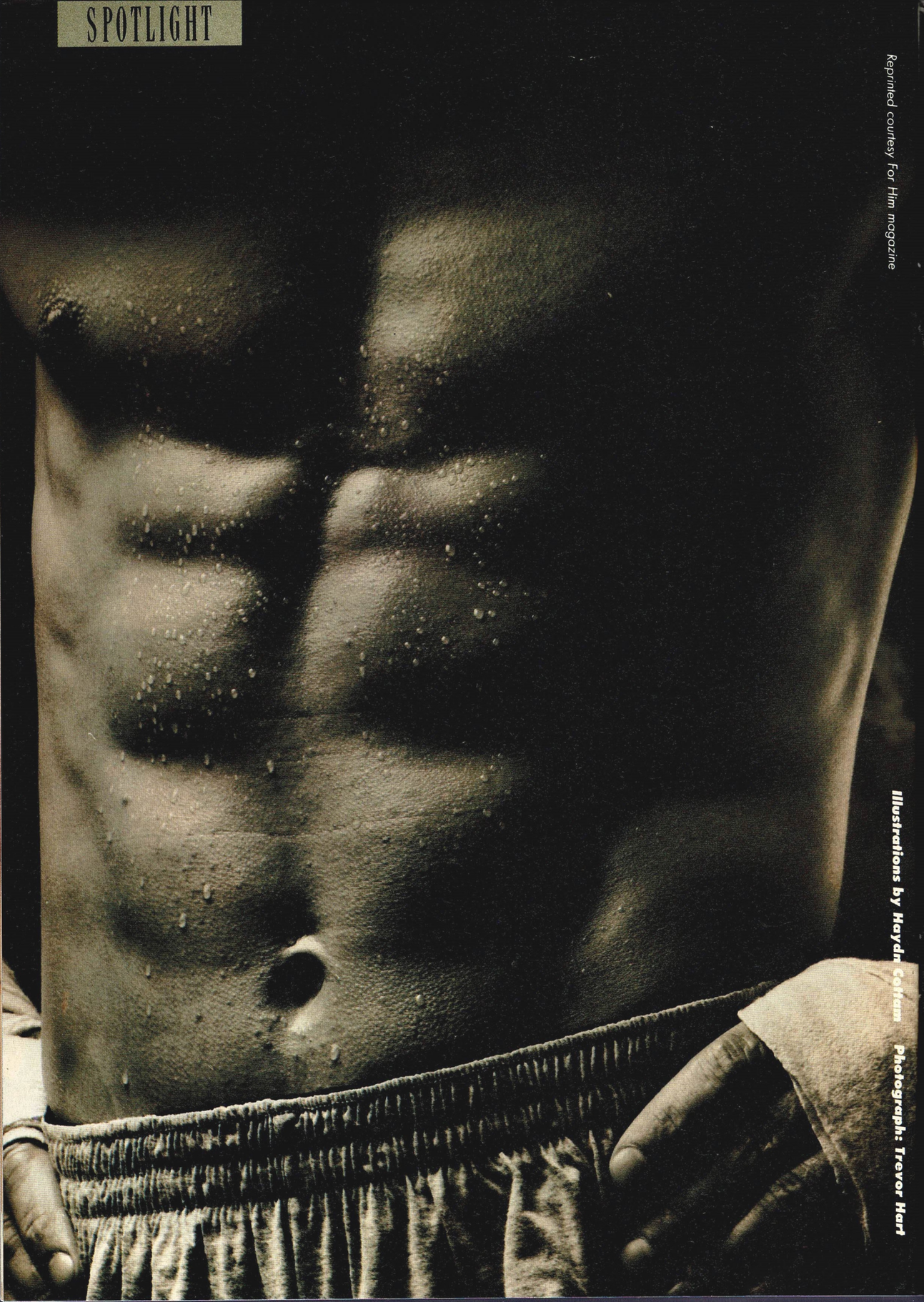
| | AUSTRALIA | ENGLAND | NEW ZEALAND | SCOTLAND |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Put-ins to scrum** | | | | |
| In opposition half | 20 | 31 | 29 | 26 |
| In opposition 22 | 5 | 15 | 8 | 8 |
| **Line-outs** | | | | |
| Clean ball won | 45 | 50 | 44 | 35 |
| Won on own throw | 47% | 68% | 55% | 63% |
| **Total possession** | | | | |
| From set pieces | 90 | 82 | 101 | 74 |
| From second phase | 28 | 58 | 83 | 61 |
| **Fly-half (Five-eight)** | | | | |
| Kicked | 45 | 47 | 30 | 31 |
| Passed | 39 | 48 | 82 | 37 |
| **Forward drives** | 7 | 21 | 27 | 22 |
| **Tries** | | | | |
| For/against | 6-1 | 2-1 | 6-4 | 3-1 |
| By backs | 5 | 2 | 5 | 1 |
| By passing from set piece | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 |

***David Campese: The target of some cynical attacks by certain players, but still playing the game the way it should be!***



Sport — The Library

SPOTLIGHT



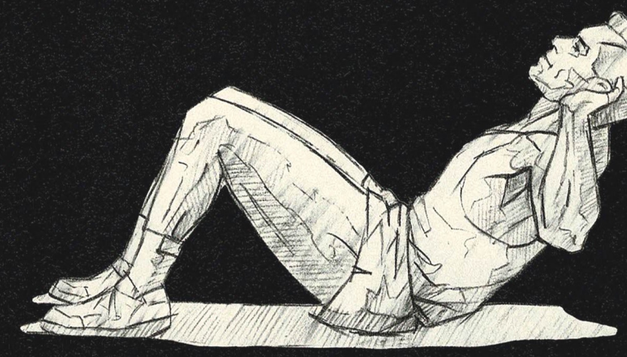
Reprinted courtesy For Him magazine

Illustrations by Haydn Cottam Photograph: Trevor Hart

# waist disposal

1. This is one position from which the stomach muscles can lift the chest, shoulders, arms and head upwards toward the knees. There are countless variations, but this simple sit-up is as good as any. The feet are flat on the floor so that the weight of the legs can't lever your torso upwards. Don't jerk, that merely makes your (much stronger) hip flexers do the work of the abs.

2. The moment of optimum effort. The whole movement should be smooth, deliberate and slow. The longer it takes for you to complete a sit-up, the more time you engage the area being worked. Ideally you should keep the stomach wall sucked in. This guards against arching your back and risking spinal injury.



3. This is the halfway stage rather than the completion point of the exercise, because you can get as much benefit from a slow descent back to the horizontal as you can from the upward pull. When you have completed two-thirds of your reps, the temptation will be to jerk up and flop back down — resist it! Exercise routines done incorrectly are a waste of time fraught with injury risk. Cheating is only cheating yourself. No gain without pain is as much fact as locker room cliche. Get the exercise right, and results will quickly follow.

***Technique*** *is the secret of successful exercise, and there are several key points to remember in giving the stomach muscles that form the abdominal wall an effective work-out. For instance: you should always use a mat placed over a firm, sprung surface to avoid damage to the spine; you need to exercise at least three times a week to achieve results you can see and feel; you should confine the range of movement in a way that isolates the muscle group you are supposed to be working; and you need to breathe properly — inhaling in the prone position and then exhaling steadily as you lift your upper body from the horizontal. The number of repetitions (reps) is also crucial. Aim for at least 60 in every session.*

# A BLACK BOX?

## You be the judge: has she or hasn't he?

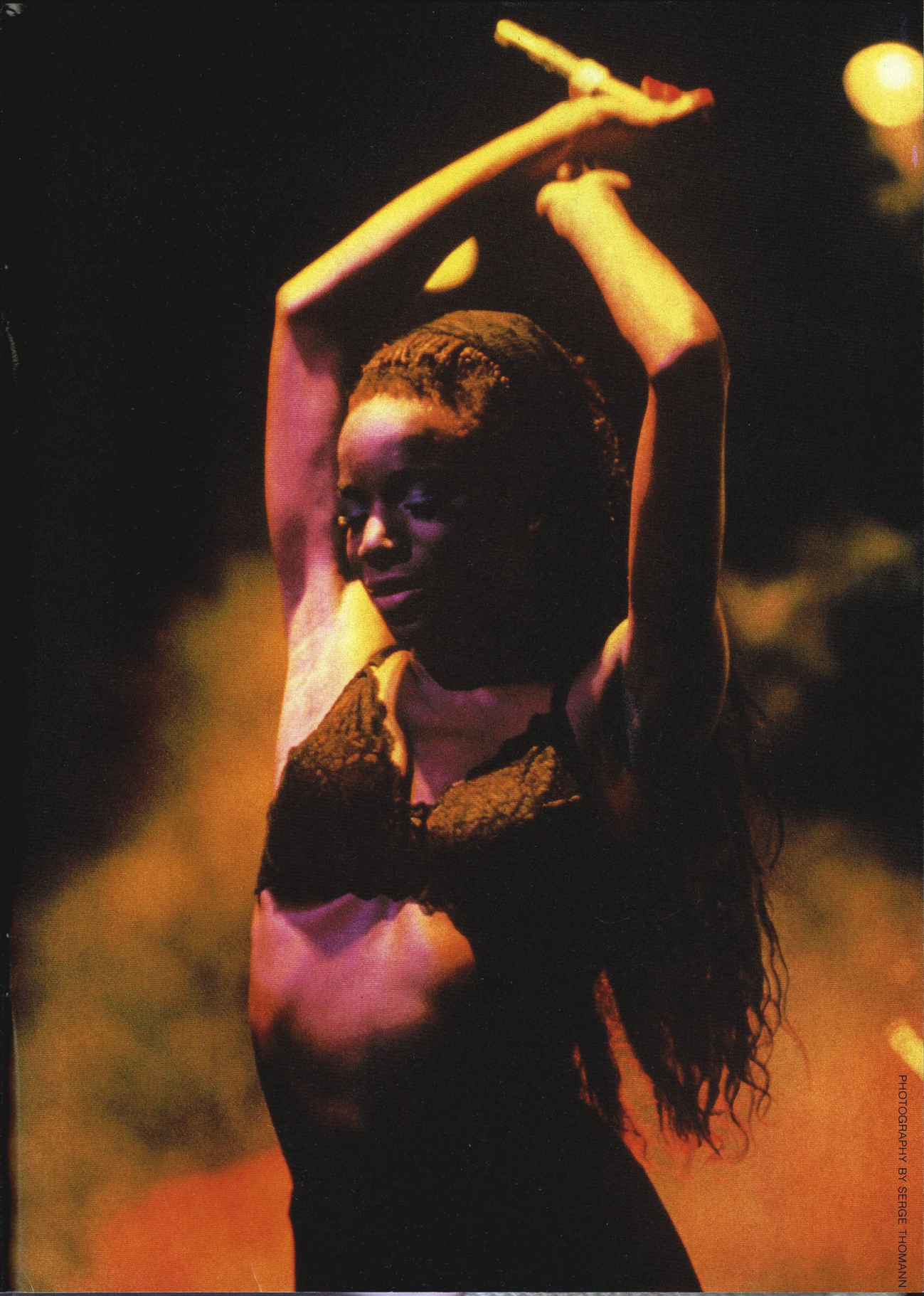
A FEW MONTHS AGO we got a call from Katrin Quinol — yes, you know, that gorgeous black chick from the Black Box videos. (We'll leave aside the controversy about whose voice was actually used on their recording of *Right On Time*.)

Seems there'd been another controversy Katrin, now a solo artist, had been involved in: whether or not she'd actually been born a man or a woman! Were we interested in running a nude pictorial of Katrin to settle the argument once and for all?

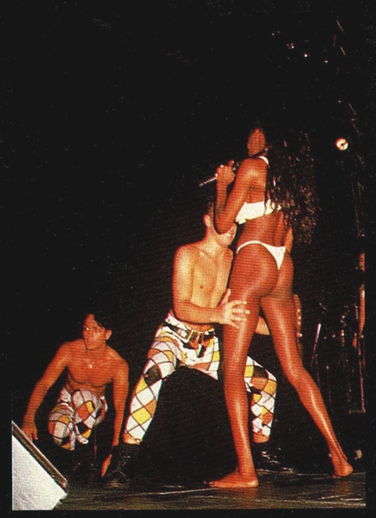
Were we ever! You have to wonder about a band with a name like that, don't you? Unfortunately Katrin was only prepared to take it any further if US *Playboy* were in the game . . . and quite frankly Black Box are a little ho-hum stateside, so the deal fell through. So perhaps we'll never know for sure.

However, roving *Playboy* freelancer Serge Thomann, who provided us with our stunningly revealing shots of Debbie Harry in concert *(Australian Playboy*, July '90), was there shooting some exclusive pics at one of Katrin's Melbourne concerts, during which, as part of her last number, she took off first bra, then pants, and went through a whole Madonna-type ego trip of miming copulation with her four male dancers!

So what do you readers think? Is she or isn't he . . . or was she or wasn't he? You be the judge. We've already made our minds up!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SERGE THOMANN



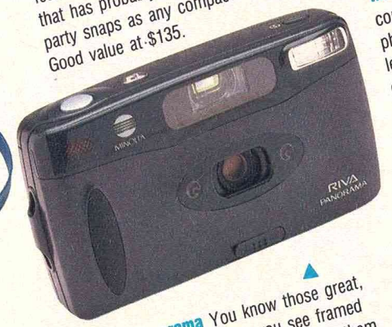
# DECENT EXPOSURE

**The Box Brownie is now part of history; here's an amazing array of cameras to serve you in just about any way imaginable.**

**Kodak Weekend 35** The new wave of "disposable" cameras is great for parties and the like, but with the Weekend 35 from Kodak you can now take your disposable under water! It's a great little gadget that comes with 24 exposures of 400ASA film. With its waterproof housing, you can take good pics (as long as the water is clear) down as deep as 2.4 metres. Not bad for $29.

**Olympus Trip AF** Here's a real classic in the point-and-shoot stakes that's perennially popular. While it doesn't have too many whiz-bang features, the Olympus Trip is a good solid unit that has probably recorded as many holiday and party snaps as any compact on the market. Good value at $135.

**Pentax PC-606W** It's great having a camera you don't have to worry about, and the Pentax PC-606W really fits the bill. With an innovative, weather-resistant design, you can get pics when others will be running for shelter! This compact is also great at the beach, where sand can ruin other cameras. Very simple to operate, the PC-606W costs about $250.




**Minolta Riva Panorama** You know those great, wide-angle, panoramic pictures you see framed all over the place? Well, now you can take them too! The Riva Panorama has a 24mm lens that has a 74 degree angle of view. With excellent autofocus and a unique metering system that ensure correct exposure for these wide shots, the Riva Panorama is great fun at $440.

**Minolta Dynax 3xi** This offering is a nice and compact 35mm SLR that would slot into most photographic situations with ease. It uses autofocus lenses, and with its in-built autoexposure mode, you can practically use it as a "point-and-shoot". However, the versatility of interchangeable lenses and manual exposure overrides means it's just at home as a creative tool! And at $630, excellent value, too.

**Contax RTS3** You may not have heard a lot about Contax, but over the years they've built a reputation as the Rolls-Royce of 35mm cameras. With features like a vacuum film pressure plate, built-in motordrive, a top shutter speed of 1/8000 second and one of the best "through-the-lens" viewfinder displays we've ever seen, the RTS3 is a true classic. Like the Hasselblad, it uses Carl Zeiss lenses — often referred to as the best you can get. If you're serious — and we mean *really* serious — then all you'll need is $4950.

**Fuji G617** If you want to get into taking serious panoramic pictures, then the Fuji G617 is the camera for you. This little beauty produces a 6 x 17cm negative from 120 roll film, which means you only get *four* pictures from each roll. Ah, but what wonderful shots they are! At $8800, this is a camera for professionals — or those of you who just like to have the best toy on the block.

**Konica Pop-Super** Another favourite in the compact market, Konica's Pop-Super ($130) is a really nice little camera that is very simple to use and produces good pics. Toss one in your bag and you'll be ready for anything!

Thanks to Paxton's Camera Stores and Goodman Brothers for their assistance

**Canon EOS 1000F** Canon's EOS series of cameras has made a huge impact since they were first introduced a few years back. With an extensive range catering for amateurs right through to pros, the EOS is here to stay. The 1000F is at the lower end on the line — perfect for the keen amateur — and with its excellent lenses and accurate autofocus capability it's well worth a look at $700.

**Hasselblad 503CX** A pro's best friend, the 'Blad is the ultimate in large format cameras. Attach a legendary Zeiss lens, slip on one of the versatile array of film backs and finders, and you've got a *real* camera! Cost? About $2600 for the body alone, with a basic "ready-to-use" package likely to set you back about $6000.

**Olympus Is-1000** Like the Epoca from Canon, Olympus has an entry in the "straight-out-of-a-spacecraft" camera stakes. The Is-1000 ($1010) looks almost more like a tiny video camera than a photographic unit! It features a 35-135mm zoom, built-in flash, motordrive and a nifty hand grip. We happen to love the way this one looks, and it works, too!

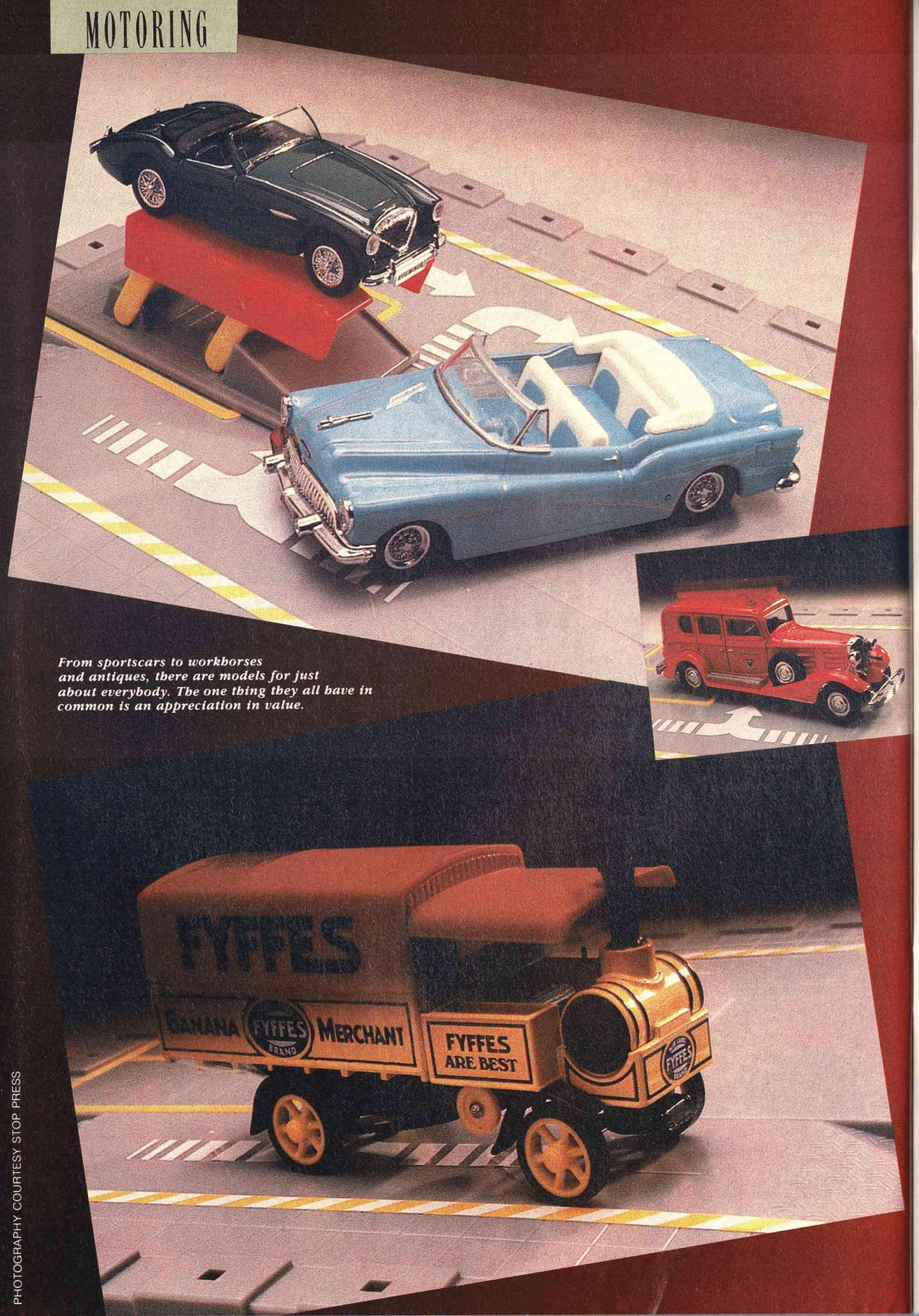
**Konica "Film-In"** Disposable cameras are the latest wave. Konica's entry in this area — the "Film-In" — does exactly what you want from this sort of camera: takes adequate pics at a good price ($25). Disposables really come into their own for people who want to take pics only rarely and don't want to fork out bucks to buy a camera (which is obviously cheaper in the long run).

**Fuji GX680** If we've got a camera that's the Rolls-Royce of equipment, and a few minis, then the GX680 is the 42 seater bus! Using large format 120 roll film and shooting an 8 x 6cm frame, this is the sort of camera you'll generally find in a pro's studio. It also features bellows, which makes it excellent for architectural work. Not cheap at $6600, but not for amateurs either!

**Pentax Zoom 105-R** Of all the cameras we looked at, this was one of our favourites. The Zoom 105-R (approx $645) features a 38-105mm zoom, built-in flash, an amazing range of exposure programs (like multiple exposures, interval shooting and multi-frame self-timer) and an easy-to-read LCD display panel to let you know just what you're about to do! A compact camera with this many features is unusual.

**Nikon F-601** Nikon is a camera brand that's got a great reputation and has long been associated with professionals around the world. Why? Nikons work! This model, the F-601 ($895), is placed in the middle ground between pro and amateur models. It features a built-in flash, four exposure programs, and an innovative metering system. It also uses the legendary Nikkor range of lenses — a definite plus!

**Canon Epoca** Is this the future? Canon's Epoca ($700) takes the point-and-shoot concept to new extremes with this ergonomically designed camera. With a built-in flash and 35-105mm autofocus zoom lens, the Epoca is perfect for almost all the amateur photographic situations you'll encounter. The camera also comes with a cordless remote control which allows you to "click" the shutter from up to five metres away!




*From sportscars to workhorses and antiques, there are models for just about everybody. The one thing they all have in common is an appreciation in value.*

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY STOP PRESS

# Lilliputian limos

**Matchbox cars bring a whole new meaning to the micro-economic reform of motoring editor Rob Luck's investment portfolio.**

In a warehouse somewhere in Sydney is a secret collection of more than 30,000 vehicles. Few have seen it, and those who have are awestruck by it. No one knows the value of this collection, for it has never been priced for insurance and is generally considered beyond the underwriters. Neither has it been offered for sale. Yet it is quite obviously worth millions of dollars.

But this is no ordinary car museum — it is a collection of model cars. This particular collection is owned by Tom Kennerley, husband of ex-*Good Morning Australia* hostess, Kerri-Anne Kennerley. A lifetime's work, it contains some of the most rare and valuable models ever minted — tiny cars that are often valued at more than "the real thing". And that can mean values of two, five or even ten thousand or more dollars for a small scrap of metal barely as long as your finger.

Modelmania has been active around the globe for decades, and there are now whole generations of collectors. But Australians have really caught the bug and are moving this game up to a whole new level.

Tom Matheison, Australian president of the Matchbox International Collectors Association (MICA), says the organisation has more than 7000 collectors. Matchbox is one of the best known collectables, particularly since it incorporates the famous Dinky brand which generated model fever amongst some of our fathers and grandfathers.

These micro-models have a number of significant advantages:

- Cheap initial purchase
- Strictly limited releases — guaranteeing collectable status
- Virtually instant increase in value
- Small size — requiring less storage space
- Instantly recognisable — everyone knows Matchbox and Dinky.

Although they are very cheap to purchase, Dinkys accumulate value with amazing speed. In fact, most of these micro-collectables easily outstrip inflation, and many are better than money in the bank or other prime investments. Example: A '68 E-type released in 1989 for $16.95 is now worth $30 and a '57 Chev released the same year for the same amount has jumped to $60. Better still, a 1989 release of the Leyland Club Fire Engine recently changed hands for 200 bucks.

This is encouraging stuff for collectors starting now — they can quickly see that their small investment will grow rapidly in value, while producing many hours of fun and entertainment.

And at the big end of this business, the rewards and values are pretty staggering. The original Soapbox Racer, for instance, which sold for two shillings on release in the '50s is now worth more than $10,000. A white Duesenberg which begged $3.50 on release has been known to change hands for $5000-plus and a 1970s Arnott's van (of which 18,000 were made) brings a tidy $400.

Companies like Matchbox structure their new-model releases very carefully. Only a handful of models in each collection is released per annum. These are chosen so as not to duplicate existing models and so undercut their value. And they are released in strictly controlled and limited numbers — when they are sold out, they are simply sold out and will never be reissued.

At up to 60,000 models per run, limited edition hardly sounds too exclusive, but when you consider there are already more than 70,000 collectors around the globe, you can already get a measure of the demand. Certainly, there are some ▶

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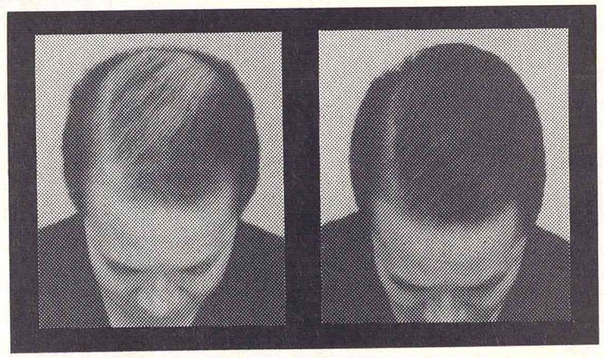

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## Lilliputian

collectors who register with Matchbox to receive every single model ever released *for life*.

There are big rewards for such a comprehensive approach to collecting. One collector we know simply ordered every model he could over a 20 year life span. His 700 model collection reportedly cost him less than $10,000 spread over two decades in many small and easy payments, and is now worth a quarter of a mill! It's difficult to think of anything else that cost 10 grand in 1970 that is worth 250 big ones now!

Theme models are the current craze. One is the "Models of Yesteryear" by Matchbox. The variety is enormous, and sure to cater to every taste — from a 1938 Lincoln Zephyr convertible to a Cadillac fire engine. Royalists will love the Gold State Coach, produced to commemorate the 40th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's hold on the throne. This is gilt-plated and pulled by a team of eight grey horses — a snitch at $39.95.

Trucks, delivery vehicles and sportscars are among the popular collectables, and the budding enthusiast has a vast array of choices.

Authenticity is a big point with collectors, and the model makers go to extraordinary lengths to ensure the models they make are exact replicas of the original vehicles. A classic example of the attention to finite detail is to be found in the Matchbox Yesteryear collection. The Bedford Quarry Truck comes complete with a load of tiny rocks which came from the same quarry the original trucks used to ply!

The model companies are very good at selecting major milestones in automotive history and reproducing them as special limited-edition series. Sometimes these come back to haunt the manufacturers. Example: If GM or Ford thought they invented the "world car" concept they were wrong — during the 1920s Britain, Germany and France produced virtually identical versions of Herbert Austin's baby car. Late this year these three versions — the Austin Seven, BMW-Dixi and Rosengart will be released by Matchbox as the first ever Yesteryear triple-set.

Getting started is easy — just do it now. You can buy into this enjoyable and potentially lucrative game for a few bucks — current models are around $18.95 and will have sure-fire collectable value down the road. Or you can scrounge shops, collections, and friends' toy-bins for ready-made collections.

While some very old and battered Dinkys command unreal sums when sold, if you're going to get serious in the new-model business, you or your children won't be able to play vroom-vrooms in the dirt with your prized collection. The thing is that top money goes to mint models, and these have to be immaculate — and boxed (in their original container).

There is no doubt that collectables are recession-proof, and a recent Matchbox release highlights this. The Flavours of Australia was a collection of six identical Ford vans, each carrying a different Australian food product. The entire stock of 15,000 sets (at $27.95) sold out in four weeks in 1991 and examples that have since come on the market have already exchanged hands for more than $40.

Catering to the locals, Matchbox has a new release of Aussie Classic cars: XU1 Torana, FJ Holden, GT Falcon and so on. Matchbox has also expanded its range of authentic models by including the TRAX range in its catalogues.

The frequent-customer business is so big these days, that Matchbox has a club for members, who get the benefit of a priority ordering system and receive free postage and packaging of their orders anywhere in Australia.

There are, of course, myriads of model-making companies, each with their own story to tell, but Matchbox and Dinky have arguably the greatest sense of tradition of all models.

Some model makers are household names — many people would readily recognise Revell, Airfix, Solido and Brumm. But there are many other specialist manufacturers revered by collectors — names like Monogram, Heller, Bandai, Humbrol, Mikansue, Western Models and Wills Finecast.

Some model makers produce their offerings in kit form. The origins of these models have been around for decades, and probably were popularised by inclusion in breakfast cereal packs. Now they are a huge industry-within-an-industry. Of course, the popular models are the sort built by Revell and Tamiya, which have taught model building to whole generations of children. But these models have a different value from the special-issue models, and are not rated in the same collectable vein.

Models can be made from plastic, metal, "white metal", glass and other materials.

Many people are familiar with models like Burago, which now produce models in sizes ranging from the Dinky/Matchbox level (1/43rd scale, or "0" gauge) up to chunky 1/28th scale and even larger. At the other end of the spectrum are the "micro" models — as small as 1/76th scale or "00" gauge.

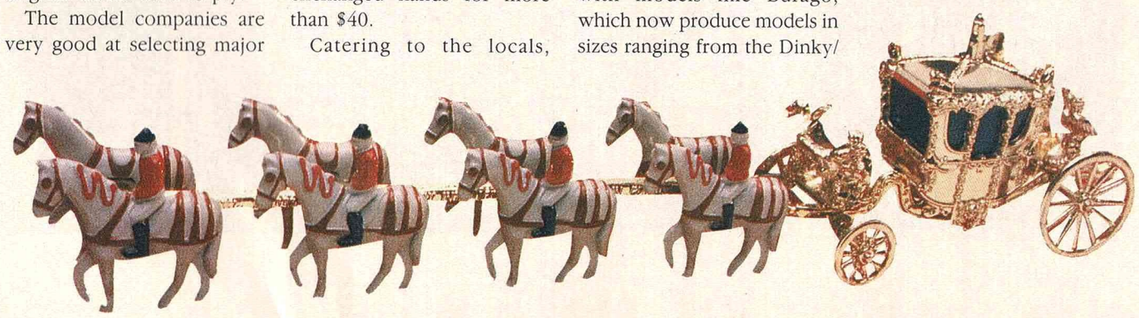
The medium-size models, which can be beautifully detailed, are still reasonably priced at levels between $30 and $50. But you can pay fabulous sums for specialist models like the Franklin Mint glass cars ($100-$400) and other genuine crystal offerings.

Further up the scale are the individually hand-crafted models. These are likely to start from around $400 and may be made to order.

If money is no object, then there is a new standard in customised modelling that can outdo all others. Developed in Australia by leading automotive designers, Supermodels are giant, hand-made, lifelike models that can be as large as two metres long!

Made to order, they are normally purchased by wealthy enthusiasts, large corporations, architects or top-level interior decorators looking for something unique for foyer or boardroom. The most popular versions are futuristic or concept vehicles. They may take as much as six to nine months to create, are fabricated from exotic materials, and sometimes have fully operational lighting systems and servo motors for doors, hatches etc. If you're keen, you have to have a big chequebook — the asking price rarely starts below $100,000!

For that money, you could have around 5000 Matchbox Collectables. And you'd still need a warehouse to store them. It's never too late.



# THE EVILS OF PORN

WESTERNS
VIDEOS X
Bullshit ! It's that woman from flat 3 - in the porn section ! Is she going to take something ?
There's that honey I deliver stuff to from the supermarket !
SCHWARZENEGGER
She likes porn movies !
She's got a really hot one !
What would you like, sir ?
"Women on the verge... of a nervous breakdown"
Is she going to watch it now, on her own ? Her husband's at work till this evening...
She's on her own ! Her husband's at work... weird !
J'll have a look through the window...
J can just imagine her getting into it ! J'll ring her bell and... and...
WARREN BEA
DICK
From here J can see right into the living room...
They told me about this one but J never believed them... maybe if J took a chance...
There she is... she's got the video on !



God, she's touching herself up ! This is fantastic !
Oh...
J'll wait until she's halfway into the movie and then J'll ring her bell...
Oh
Mmm...
Wow !
J can hear moaning... is it her or the video ?
Aah...
Aaah...
God, J'm going to have a heart attack !
Oooh...
J can't wait !
Oh...
RING!
Shit ! Who's at the door?
Just when J was getting off !
Hi... J'm the delivery guy from the market. Did you want anything ?
Did J want ... you just interrupted me.
Js someone coming in or is she going to start again ?

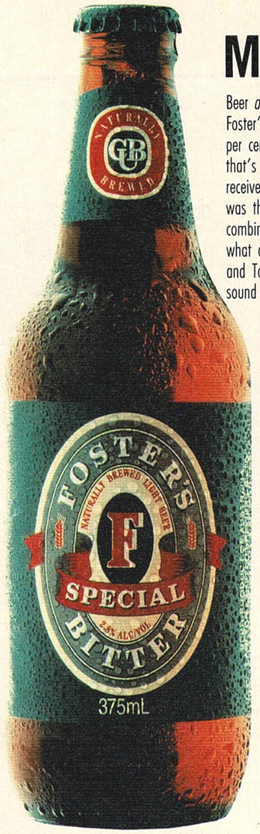
Come in, quick, J'll tell you what J want...
Sure, anything...
J see you like porn movies...
That's why J said you'd interrupted me... J was just getting off...
God!
They're going to do it ! Dammit, J can't see !
Oh...
Mm
J'll have to lean out to get a better view...
Quick !
Damn J still can't see properly !
Aaah...
?
Yes, yes !
Oh...
That's better...
Aah...
?
..great !
3



Bullshit !
?
!
They're fu... fu... !!
Craig !
Aah...
Ooh...
THE END
Did you hear something outside ?
Yes, sounded like a yell...
Oh shit !
J didn't push him, J just yelled at him...
Looks like he tried to kill himself...
From the first floor ?
Call an ambulance !
Aaay...
God !
!!
What happened, J wonder
Poor guy...
My husband !!
Aah !

# TWIST AND SHOUT

What will they think of next! The running shoe industry never ceases to amaze with the weird and wonderful designs they come up with. Now, the Puma people have decided to do away with what many of us thought was an essential: laces. Yep, no longer will you suffer the torment of knots that won't come undone or laces that break when you least want them to. The Puma Disc System uses a disc "tensioning" device that draws the shoe around the foot. As Olympic gold medallist and Puma MD Herb Elliott says: "You just slip it on and turn the disc until the fit is perfect." Nice one, Herb!




## MIX AND MATCH

Beer *aficionados* are probably already aware of the new Foster's drop on the market: Special Bitter. It's a light (2.8 per cent) beer that's not as sweet as some lights — at least that's what our panel of experts thought — and it certainly received the thumbs up. What we also thought was interesting was the fact that the CUB boys got the idea for the drop by combining Foster's Light with Victoria Bitter. Makes you wonder what other combinations could emerge. How about Tooheys Red and Tooheys Blue making Tooheys Purple . . . nah, doesn't sound right!

# ARE YOU GAME?

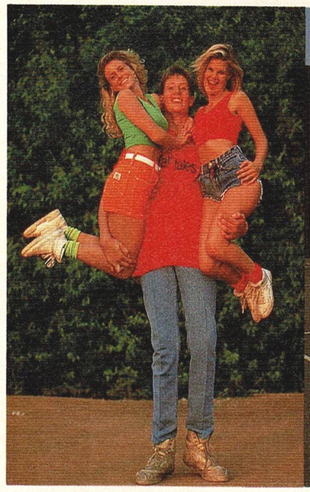
WIN
TWO NINTENDO GAME BOYS

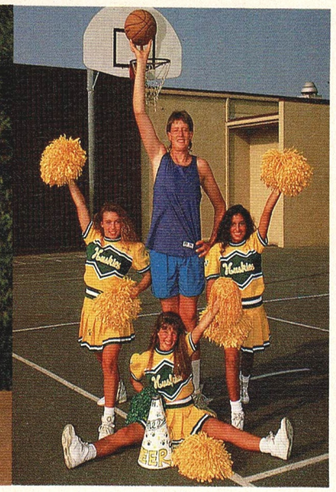
*In the last issue of Australian Playboy we checked out a few of the hand-held computer games available on the market. One of those, as we're sure you'll know, is the Game Boy. It's a great game that certainly lowered the productivity of certain staff members here for a while! Now, thanks to the folks at Nintendo, we've got two of these great Game Boys to give away. Not only that, but you'll also get a free extra game with each one!*

*Getting the opportunity to win is easy. Simply call 0055 10880 to see if you're going to be a Game Boy fanatic before long.*

*Please allow 28 days for delivery after 26/8/92. Premium rate: 25 cents buys 21.4 seconds.*





## BIG DUDES, PART II

Last month we had a couple of really big boofy blokes, this month we've got another! He's American high-schooler Andy Charlton, he's 17, and he's 220cm (7′3″) tall! The fun part is that the doctors reckon he might top out at around 254cm (8′4″)! He also wears a size-21 basketballer shoe that's 41cm (16″) long. Weird . . .

# Knuckleheads

***Don't know about you, but we get really worried about some of the dumb things that people will do just to get their picture taken. Take Curt Michaelson, for instance. He straps a "nitrogen peroxide rocket" to his back, slips into his roller-skates and goes cruising around the streets at speeds of up to 100km/h. Dumb, really dumb.***

## THE BIG DROP

Okay, so sky surfing isn't that "new" ever since the Coke commercial featured it, but what about sky snowboarding? We thought you might like to check out these pics of a mad Frenchman having a blast. We also figured he's probably looking for the Alps!

## NEXT MONTH

**20 Questions: Nicole Kidman**
She quit Emerald City to marry a Top Gun. But she's no mere **Mrs Tom Cruise**.

**More sex, please, we're office workers**
In all the confusion and exaggeration about sexual harassment one thing's been overlooked – we need *more* sex in the office.

**Playboy Interview: Michael Jordan**
The demigod of basketball shoots a few hoops.

**The world's number one surfer Wendy Botha in a sensational nude pictorial!**

**This massacre could be avoided**
Australia's native fauna are endangered by smugglers chasing enormous profits and farmers treating them as vermin.

**Her lips are sealed**
Miss America reveals everything – except her relationship with US presidential nominee **Bill Clinton**.

## M, L & V *(from page 31)*

you a hit? The answer to the first part of this question is almost certainly yes, if only because *Rage* has a policy of programming every Australian video they receive. *MTV* may well play it too, though their time is much more limited and they do take more notice of a clip's production values. As presenter Richard Wilkins told Sydney's *Sun Herald* newspaper last year, "We live in the harsh realities of television — we're not a marketing tool for the record industry, we're a television program with ratings. So if it comes down to a band at the Hopetoun Hotel who've just spent their last $300 on a video and the new Dire Straits video, which cost £450,000, then I'm sorry, lads, it's, 'Come on down, Mark Knopfler.' " The daytime video programs might also pick up your clip, but the Catch 22 here is that your chances of getting on those increases dramatically once you get in the charts. Which leaves SBS, who are adventurous but with relatively low ratings.

The odds then are that your video will get shown no more than two or three times on television while your single is fresh, and then often on low-rating programs at ungodly hours. As rock journalist Stuart Coupe puts it, "Sure, *Rage* may have played your clip, but how many records do you sell at four o'clock on a Sunday morning?" And while most people will concede that there are examples of ordinary songs doing better than they perhaps deserve on the strength of a great video, the general consensus is that a video alone won't get you a hit. Music industry wisdom has it that it's repetition that makes hits, and that means getting on high rotation on one of the major FM radio stations.

It's little wonder then that some artists, and even some record labels, are becoming increasingly reluctant to spend money on clips which may well have a negligible effect on sales. Paul Kelly is one who questions the wisdom of lashing out thousands of dollars on videos, if only because he wants to live within his means. As Coupe, who used to manage Kelly, explains, "When I was dealing with Paul his attitude was, 'Why do we have to do it?' I've been involved in plenty of really good videos that have cost $20,000 or $30,000 to make and have still only ever been shown once or twice on TV. So you have to start asking yourself if this money couldn't have been better spent on some other, more imaginative way of promoting a record — or making another record. And certainly in the case of someone like Paul Kelly, who likes to be prolific, he must think, 'Hang on, couldn't this money be used for recording instead of a video that's not going to be widely seen? Couldn't we use this to pay the musicians better, or for tour support?' The state of television these days, where the high-rating shows tend to be very top 40-orientated and shows like *Rage* or *MTV* don't really rate very well because of their timeslot, makes it really questionable as to whether making a video is worth while for artists like Kelly or Hunters & Collectors."

Martin Fabinyi is also beginning to question the wisdom of automatically making a video to accompany every single put out through his label. "TV is becoming as commercial and top 40-orientated as radio, so it's becoming harder and harder to program new videos on to television, except maybe *Rage*," he contends. "These days I sometimes think we'd be better off not making a video and spending the money on taking out TV advertising instead. It's true that some of the hundreds of videos we've made have contributed enormously to the success of the song, in that they've added a new angle to it or helped people visualise it — *Australiana* for Austen Tayshus and *Bedroom Eyes* for Kate Ceberano are two good examples of that. But sometimes, when, say, it's the third single off an album, or a song isn't going to be released internationally, we might decide not to make a video."

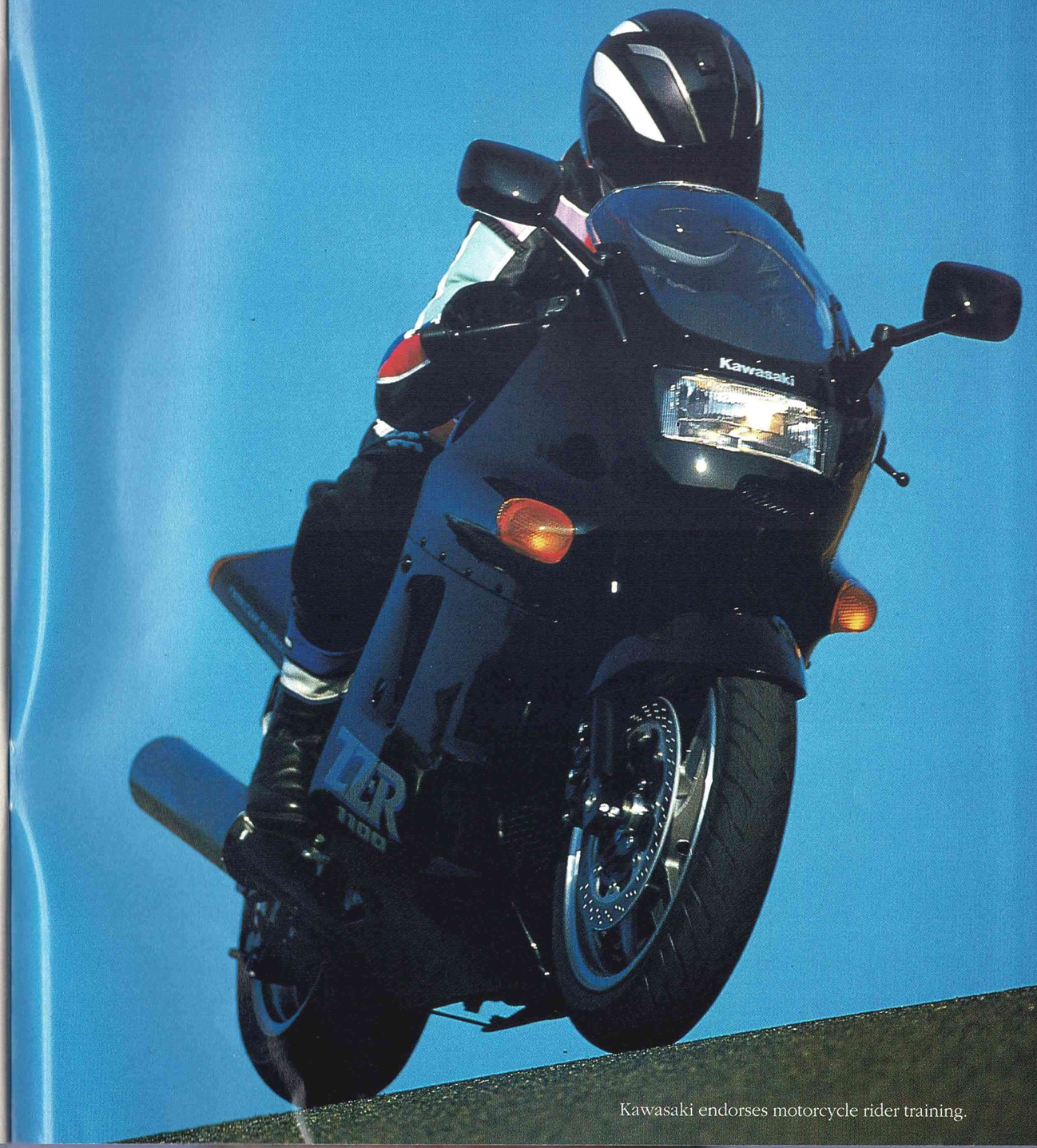
For the moment, however, this is likely to remain a minority view. Contracts between bands and record companies will continue to stipulate that videos be made to promote each single released, because both artists and record companies want to feel that everything possible has been done to ensure success. And given that marketing is, at best, imprecise, the scattergun approach will continue to hold sway and it's likely that the format of video clips themselves will continue to become increasingly formularised. The end result will mean endless amounts of comparatively cheap television for the networks, a mixed bag of viewing pleasure for the punter, and a lot of money effectively wasted on marketing tools that haven't worked. Bear this in mind next time you tune into *Rage*, *MTV* or whatever, because these costs must be recovered by the record companies, and that means they get passed on to the consumer. So enjoy the programs if it kills you; even if you only buy one record a year, ultimately it's you who's picking up the tab.




# Unlock your senses

*There's not a bike on the road that comes near Kawasaki's legendary ZZRs: the ZZ-R1100, ZZ-R600 and ZZ-R250. Built from the ground up for total performance, Kawasaki's ZZRs are the pinnacle of modern motorcycle technology. Smooth yet responsive. Breathtaking styling. And unquestionable handling. You won't need a sixth sense to know they're from Kawasaki.*

Kawasaki
*The Legend Lives On*

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